

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER I. AT THE FERRY HOTEL.

Now the air clears, and the skies brighten marvellously, and the earth rolls away up and down into deep green rich folds, into sheltered valley and sunny hill, into a quiet corner of the island, where the clatter of the workshop is not heard, and where the tall chimney does not rise, and red inflammation of the factories has not broken out.

In short, to that corner of valleys round which the sheet of placid silver creeps, where there are the tranquil straits, and the lacework bridge is carelessly cast across, and seems to unite two rich and flowery bosquets, and to where the wooded banks steal down to the water's edge, and where the old Ferry Hotel, now glorified into modern magnificence, "entreats" the guest who would be quiet and retired.

For from this spot, the town and the screaming train—that only shows itself a second in the open air at the station, and then runs burrowing into the mountains—is very far away; and the town-worn stranger, and, above all, the newly married, steal down quietly to this retreat, where only few curious eyes can follow. At the old Ferry Hotel had been staying the pale gentleman and the girlish wife, who had been known in the books as "Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson."

Those in the house had remarked the grave gentleman's eager solicitude and affection to the little girl who was so happy and affectionate. There were not ten years between them. Still, she looked "absurdly" childish, said some of the unmarried ladies, to be the wife of that grave-looking man.

They went through the invariable programme—the driving, the boating, the walking, the exploring—and seemed always very cheerful and very happy. When he was alone, the pale gentleman's face grew abstracted, and sad, and weary, and the unmarried ladies looked at him with the interest that always waited on him, and said, what seemed to be always destined to be said of him, "There must be some strange mystery associated with his early life."

Every day the omnibus went down and came up, taking away guests and bringing fresh ones, until at last the season began to draw to an end. Then the company dropped away, and Mr. Tillotson and his girlish wife had fixed the morrow for departure. Nobly, more than amply, had he kept to the undertaking he had made in the old church, when his eyes wandered up to the bald cobwebbed roof. And not for a moment had his purpose faltered. It was only this morning that she had told him "what a delightful time they had spent."

Still the old wound was there, the old spectre was behind the curtain, and he had only to look in that direction, and it would step forth and seize on him.

A few mornings before their departure for town, Mr. Tillotson, at breakfast, was turning over the letters that had come in, when he said, "Ah, there is your suit coming on. It is set down for appeal again before the Exchequer Chamber, as they call it."

"O! And I hope we shall win," said she, gaily. "The nasty odious plaintiff. I shall never forgive him for putting me to all that trouble and anxiety. For, O!" she said, reflectively, "you cannot imagine how it lay on my heart, and how I worried myself with it. I used to think of it night and day, even lie awake whole nights. And even when I *did* sleep, I was dreaming of it. But *now*, somehow," she added, smoothing her hair pensively, "I don't think of it nearly so much. Isn't it odd?"

And she went away in great spirits to take a little walk in the garden, to make herself strong, which she was very anxious to do. Yet somehow she did not get strong so fast as Sir Duncan Dennison would have wished. The cough lay in ambush, and burst out, of cold days, with great insubordination. Still the soft air of the place—did not one of the hotel-keepers of the place call it "The Malaga of Wales"?—would eventually be of benefit.

That night Mr. Tillotson was slowly pacing the garden and walks about the Ferry Hotel. It was on a green slope, and the walks went down actually to the water's edge, where the pleasure-boats lay moored at a little pier. He wandered round to the front of the house where were the little bow-windows, diamond-paned, and with

old wooden sashes, precisely as they were in the old-fashioned days of the Ferry, a hundred and fifty years before. The bow-windows were surrounded with ivy and creeping plants, and now a red curtain being drawn, and there being light in the old-fashioned bar behind the red curtain, it looked as warm and glowing and comforting as a real Maypole Inn taken out of fiction. Most comforting, too, it must have looked to the people in the omnibus, which Mr. Tillotson now saw coming down the avenue. He waited to see it draw up and the guests arrive, a proceeding of interest to many resident guests of the place, who stood about smoking their after-dinner cigars. It was a full omnibus, and many got down. Mr. Tillotson watched it mechanically and without much interest, but, as he stood, was attracted by a loud and angry voice giving orders about some of his "things," which could not be found at once. The voice was arrogant, and with a sense of injury in it. It complained and abused at the same time. He made such a noise that the landlady herself came out.

"Always the way at these infernal places," he went on. "You knock things about as if they were of iron. Much you care what becomes of them, so as you get your money out of us."

The light was on his face—a very hot one, seen under a grey hat—and Mr. Tillotson recognised Ross.

He had long since forgotten that strange letter from Ireland, and, in fact, was glad to see him; for he always looked on him as more wild than vicious, and now thought this meeting very fortunate. He went up to him.

"Mr. Ross," he began.

"Why, who the devil!" said the other, starting back, and shading his eyes for a good view. "So this is you, is it, Mr. Tillotson? Ah! there it is, stupid. If there's a thing damaged in it, I'll make the hotel pay, by Heavens I will. So you're here, Mr. T.—eh?"

"I am glad we have met," said Mr. Tillotson, "as I have something particular to say to you."

"O, you have, have you?" said the other, suspiciously. "Well, I can't hear it now. I suppose you'll let a fellow dine—eh, Mr. T.? A man that has been half over Ireland, and across from Kingstown, must be hungry. I suppose your particular business will let me eat—eh?"

After his dinner, he went out into the little garden under the window to have his cigar. He found Mr. Tillotson there.

"Here you are again!" he said. "Now, look here," he went on. "What game are you at now? Why did you follow me here, sneaking after me in this way? Why—?"

"Do listen to me," said Mr. Tillotson, "and dismiss all these delusions. I did not follow you here, as you will see, if you reflect. I have been here for weeks. But I am very glad to have met you."

The other laughed. "That's very good," he

said. "How would you like to meet me down at St. Alans—at old Tilney's—eh? Not so much, I think. I say," he said, changing his tone, "I hope you have given up that infernal sneaking game down there—if you haven't, by—"

"Stop," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "this way of speaking has no effect on me, not in the least. A little quiet reasoning would have much more. I have seen too much of the world to care for threats or menaces."

This tone sobered Mr. Ross a little.

"Never mind," he said; "you always hated me, and still do, and try to interfere with me in every way. But never mind—wait until I get my money next week. The judges must give it to me."

"That is just what I wanted to speak to you about," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "Why go on with the matter? She is quite willing to come to some arrangement with you. Her condition is changed now—she does not care for law. It will be the most sensible course for all parties."

Strange to say, Mr. Ross listened to this proposal with more toleration. Mr. Tillotson had got him on his weak side when he said,

"I have always had your interest at heart, though I never could get you to believe it. You have some unreasonable hatred to me; for what, I cannot make out."

"Unreasonable, of course," said the other, grumbling. "Ah, that's very well. What took you down to St. Alans—eh? Unless—"

"I have done with St. Alans for ever," said Mr. Tillotson, hastily, "and with all that are in it. But think this all over, Ross. Begin by believing that I am not such a deadly enemy as you would suppose, and then see how this suit may be adjusted."

Mr. Tillotson told Mrs. Tillotson that night that he thought it was all settled. In the morning he came down to the garden a little before breakfast. He was walking there absently, when Ross came towards him, having leaped out of the coffee-room window, which opened on the ground.

"Well, have you thought over the matter?" he said.

The other was in one of his furies. "I have, I have. You're a nice person to trust—a nice jockey. Lucky I know how to keep my eyes open. Infernally, scoundrelly taken in."

"What is this now?" said Mr. Tillotson.

"What is this now? Why, that I have found out your game. And it is close and clever enough. But I am up to you. I found you out. So you wished to make up the suit for *her*. You had no interest in it. No. Luckily I just asked the waiter last night."

"Surely you must have known," said Mr. Tillotson, beginning to understand him, "that I was married."

"That's very well now, Mr. Tillotson. If you put your eyes on sticks, I'll not settle—not for one sixpence."

A little figure came tripping round the corner, and bounded up to Mr. Tillotson. Ross started back, and kept scowling at her.

"So this is the defendant, eh?" he said, scoffingly indeed. "My name is Ross," he cried—"Ross and Davis." I only found out by an accident, last night, that you were married to this Tillotson here. He didn't tell me, for reasons of his own."

"It is hopeless," said Mr. Tillotson, calmly; "this is always your resource—secret insinuation. I give it up."

The young wife was looking with wonder from one to the other. She could not understand this scene.

"Secret insinuation," he said, contemptuously. "I shall insinuate what I like. But this, I give you open warning, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson both, and Mrs. Tillotson particularly—don't be sending to me in any huggermuggering way to settle or arrange. I'll do neither, if I were to go to a jail, and rot, and die there."

Her eyes opened. "I never sent any one to you," she said.

"Well, then, he came himself last night—indeed it's more likely. He's very clever, our friend here, as you'll find out, Mrs. T. And he had very nearly taken me in. And so he is married to the defendant in the great action. I dare say he thinks it a good speculation. But it's the worst thing that could have happened to you, Mrs. Tillotson; for I might have come to terms with you, before they send me to Gib., and I am getting rather tired, but with him I'll fight to the end."

"You have a bad, wicked soul, I am afraid, Ross," said Mr. Tillotson, quite calmly; "nothing will teach you."

"And what was this I heard," said Ross, bursting into a sudden fury, as some recollection came to him, "of his sneaking down to St. Alans in the night to see that girl? So you've not done with those tricks yet, married as you are? Take care, take care, Tillotson; I'll have to give you a lesson, and, by Heavens, I may come back from Gibraltar and shoot you—I would—"

"What *does* he mean?" said the young wife, looking at her husband in terror. "What does he say about a girl at St. Alans?"

Mr. Tillotson's pale face grew paler. "Don't heed him, dear," he said. "He has some strange dislike to me. God knows I have never done anything to deserve it—except—" And he stopped.

Ross's hand went up to his cheek instinctively. "Ah, you are thinking of *that*," he said. "How generous! How noble!"

"No, no," said the other, eagerly. "I never intended—never."

"Didn't you? But I am glad it's there, very glad, Tillotson. It's a good memorandum, Tillotson. Never mind—all in good time. And when I get back from Gib. with lots of money, then, Mr. Tillotson—There's the omnibus. I'm

going on up to London for the hearing. So good-bye to you, and to you, Mrs. Tillotson."

He raised his hat, and walked away. He left doubt and confusion.

"What does all this mean?" she said, timorously. "I never heard anything about this. What did you say to him last night? Why did you not tell me? And what did he mean by the lady down at St. Alans? Was he telling stories?"

Mr. Tillotson had often turned over in his mind whether he had not better tell out plainly the whole of this past passage in his life. But he had considered that this would worry this fragile and rather unreasoning heart, who would be sure to take hold of it wrongly. So he turned it off now, lightly. "We must not mind this man's speeches. He says everything wildly and frantically, and is indeed not accountable."

She made no answer to this, and went to her room to finish her packing; but she took all she heard away with her, thought it over and over until her head grew weary, fed herself on that dawning of suspicion, and determined, as soon as she got home, to lay it all before Martha Malcolm, of whose gloomy sense she had a high opinion.

Two hours later their trunks were on the top of the Ferry Hotel omnibus, and they were travelling away up and down the steep hills to the station. That night they were at home again; that is, at a new handsome house, which had been taken before they left, and to the appointments of which the captain had looked with singular care.

#### CHAPTER II. FIRST DOUBTS.

BACK in town again, in this pleasant, bright, compact house, in a street as cheerful and compact, Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson began their new life. That is to say, he was seen again at the Foncier Bank, and was commended heartily by the chairman of that great concern. "A very proper step indeed, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater. "I never was anything till I married."

Of the new establishment both Miss Diamond and the grim Martha Malcolm were members. The young mistress had begged this almost as a favour, for Mr. Tillotson had old-fashioned doubts as to the policy of introducing a wife's relations. Personally, he had no objection to either of those people; in fact, was wholly indifferent. As she begged so hard, and made such a point of it, he said, "Of course, yes," and with a little surprise.

The captain remained on at his old lodgings, bound under solemn penalties to come for his dinner on at least every Sunday and holiday, though, and on as many more secular festivals as might possibly arise. And it was very pleasant, about five o'clock of these days, to see him proceeding with a stiff steady limp, robed in his night cloak, and leaning on a strong red Malacca cane, which he was accustomed to call his "third leg." To these

little meetings Mr. Tillotson began to look with great eagerness, for he had really come to know and admire every day more and more the thorough unselfishness and genial sympathy of this fine nature. And at these Sunday meals the captain told the incidents of the week, drawn from his lodging life, as he enjoyed "a remarkably fine saddle," which was his favourite dish. There was a humorous simplicity in all his relations, very entertaining, though he was accustomed to check himself very often, saying, "Now I am getting into one of my old stories," and would have to be pressed hard to go on. After dinner, too, it was a matter of great delight with the young mistress to get "nunkey" to read out some new fiction, to which the brave old officer applied himself at once with the gallantry that always characterised him where there was a lady's wish in the case. And while the two ladies worked (Mr. Tillotson was below with business), the captain, with his book held firmly before him, and a pair of tortoiseshell glasses on his Roman nose, read on, with extraordinary seriousness, through many pages of the most diverting of modern works of humour. For his mind was so concentrated on the one aim—that of seeing and pronouncing his words—that he was unable to spare any attention to the sense, and read on steadily, as though it was his family Prayer-book. And sometimes at an exciting part, where the hero was about to put a question on which much happiness was to depend, the captain, on hearing the clock strike ten, would take down his glasses with great satisfaction, and close his book, saying, "I think now we have left them all very comfortably settled together. Really, an exceedingly well-written book."

All this time, however, he was watching the new ménage with much careful interest. He had been a little disturbed by the incidents of the wedding-day; but every hour's progress only pleased him the more, and made him say again and again to himself, that "that Tillotson was a prince of a fellow, a noble creature, and behaving like a true gentleman to the little girl." It had turned out, he said, the best thing in the world. But with all the captain's observation and warm approbation, he could not see what was passing in the heart of that "little girl," now grown infinitely more serious and thoughtful than she ever was before, which, however, was to be explained by the little responsibilities of her new position. Her health had been greatly improved by the Welsh air, and there seemed no necessity indeed for that foreign journey.

The Tilneys were no longer at St. Alans. They were very much "shaken" by that dreadful blow. Mr. Tilney had, however, rallied considerably, and went about very much as he had done before, having a far deeper religious tone in his conversation, especially whenever he alluded to what he called his "illness." "The doctors ordered me away from that place, sir," he said. "It was not the place for a gentleman with a

family to reside at. Only that it suited the health of my children, I would not have stayed an hour. Cathedral is very well in its way—lifts up the mind. But, after all, take Westminster, sir—the devotional serenity of that old pile! Often and often, as I pass it by in a Hansom, it stirs me—it stirs me *here*."

The fact was, General Whitaker and others of his friends, a little shocked at what had taken place, had come together, and said to each other that "something must be done for that poor old Tilney." After about six months, an old friend of his, who had long lost sight of him, and who had never said anything about "something must be done for poor old Tilney," stepped on the scene, and got him some little "berth" near London—something to do with Hampton Court Palace. Lord Chinnery also, a distant relation of his, but with very strong opinions on the morality of "self-help," particularly in the case of relations, had some pittance literally wrung from him. And with these aids Mr. Tilney gradually rallied into his old alacrity and his old diffuseness, and pursued his secular and religious commentary on life.

On the very first Sunday after their return, the captain came limping up about half an hour before dinner, thus inaugurating the custom. Mr. Tillotson was out, and he found the little lady of the house waiting in the drawing-room. He noticed a sort of anxious look in her face.

"Well, how are you?" he said, gaily. "That's right; give me the hand. Good child. Where's Tillotson?"

She was very glad to see him.

"He has not come in from his walk. He likes these long solitary walks. I suppose he wishes to have full opportunity for thinking over—"

"Over you, you mean," said the captain, pinching her cheek. "You rogue."

The little lady's eyes wandered round the room anxiously.

"Not at all," she said. Then laughed. "Ah, nunkey, I found it out. I always told you, remember, he had a mystery, and you wouldn't tell me. But I made it out for myself."

Much troubled, the captain looked at her to see what she meant. One more skilled in the little trickeries and shifts of a sensitive breast would have seen under this false acting. He was a little sorry. As he always thought, "Best let bygones be bygones."

"And there was no mystery, after all," he said. "Why, did Tillotson take you into confidence? Or, I dare say, you little rogue, you coaxed it all out of him?"

"Yes, yes," she said, "I found it out. About that Miss Tilney, you know, down at St. Alans—eh?"

This she said so wistfully, and with such an eager inquiry written so *painfully* on her face, that the captain saw in a second what was the true state of the case. "I could have bit my tongue off," he said to himself afterwards. "But Tom always was a regular old Gamahoe"—the



captain had picked up this odd word in some Irish regiment, and was fond of it—"and always will be one." He saw that this little woman knew nothing of the business.

"What Tilney," he said, "my dear? What has he to do with them?"

"Ah!" she said, excitedly, "you must tell me more now, uncle. I will know. What is this about this Miss Tilney? It was not right to conceal it from me."

"I declare to Heaven," said the captain, fervently, "as I hope to be saved hereafter, I don't know what you're talking of, my dear."

"O, you are deceiving me, uncle, and it's not fair, indeed it's not; and I suspected it all along, and you should have told me, you should indeed."

"Ah, you foolish little pet, listen to me. Will you attend to me? As I am alive, and if there was a Bible convenient I'd take an affidavit on it, somebody has been deceiving you. He's had nothing to do with any Tilneys at all. May I drop down on this rug if it's not the truth. Now believe me, my child, somebody's been funning—that's it."

"But what did he mean—a Mr. Ross, that we met—when he said that he'd come down and saved one of these Miss Tilneys?"

"God knows. But I know this much; if you only saw those Tilney girls, as I did the other day—regular troopers of young women. So now put it out of your little head, and don't be worrying yourself, and take the colour out of your cheeks. Ah! here he is himself."

The captain was so fervent and earnest in this disclaimer, that he all but convinced the little lady.

So, during dinner, she had got up her spirits again. But in her room that night, where she was attended on by the stern Martha, she took up the confidences almost where they had then left off.

"Ah," she said, "Martha, you were a little wrong in what you said. I have found it all out from the captain."

Martha at first did not understand. Then she said:

"Ah, the captain—a good-natured and a well-meaning gentleman."

"So he is, Martha, and one of the kindest friends I have."

"So he is, so he is," said the other, gloomily. "And a pity it always is when we can't stay content with those that knows and likes us, instead of wanting new ones. Of course the captain likes you, and wouldn't like you to be troubled."

"But he would tell the truth, Martha, wouldn't he?"

"Of course, miss, what he knew, he would."

"Well, then, Martha, he vowed before heaven and earth, and asked me even for a Bible to take his oath upon, that all this little story about a Miss Tilney was absurd. So you must have

been mistaken, and some one must have misled you."

"Maybe so, maybe so," said she, grimly. "So we'll let it be. If others are content, I am. I only do my duty to the family that reared me, and was kind to me. I haven't married into a new family, miss, and ain't obliged to take to the Tillotsons."

"I know that, Martha; but what do you think? Do tell me. Set my mind at rest. I shan't sleep to-night, I know I shan't. Do not be cruel, Martha."

"Well, miss, we'll see—we'll see—in the morning."

It is evident from this little dialogue in what a cloud of troubled suspicion the young mistress of the new house was living in. Mr. Tillotson, with a weight of his own in his breast, was growing accustomed to his new life, and more and more absorbed in business. He was very kind to her—"gave her every indulgence," said his friends—but had not time to study or understand the suspicions and doubts of the little lady. He used to ask her at times, plainly, had she any little grief to complain of, and beg of her to confide it to him; but on this subject she was always cold, and reserved, and aggrieved. So, a little wearied, he gave it up, and went more and more to his business as to the best distraction in the world.

#### STATISTICS OF VIRTUE.

SMALL presents, it has been shrewdly said, prevent the flame of friendship from dying out. A Stilton cheese, a bouquet of forced flowers, a maiden copy of a "just-published" book, a pâté de foie gras, a basket of fruit that will keep a day or two, a salmon in spring, or a fresh-killed hare in autumn—anything that answers, as a feed of corn or a bait of hay to one's own private hobby-horse—very rarely indeed gives offence.

Be the influence such offerings exert ever so small, it is attractive rather than repulsive in its tendency. They are silken fibres which draw people together, almost without their knowing it; and although the strength of any single one may be slight, by multiplication they acquire appreciable power. Even if they come from evidently interested motives, they are a tribute which flatters the receiver's self-esteem, for they are an unmistakable proof that he is *worth* being courted. They are a mutual tie which bind friendly connexions into a firmer bundle of sticks than they were before. The giver even likes the person given to all the better for having bestowed gifts upon him. There may exist no thought or intention to lay him under an obligation; but there always must, and properly may, arise the hope of increasing his good will and attachment. It is clear that, when it is desirable that kindly relations should exist between persons, any honourable means of promoting such relations

are not only expedient but laudable. One stone of an arch may fit its fellow-stones perfectly, but a little cement does their union no harm.

As there is a reciprocal social attraction between individuals of respectability and worth, so also there ought to be a gravitation of every individual towards certain excellences of character and conduct. And here likewise small inducements, trifling bribes, minor temptations, help to increase the force of the tendency. Virtue is, and ought to be, its own reward; still, an additional bonus of extraneous recompense cannot but help the moral progress of mankind. It sounds like a truism to say that a  *motive*  is useful as a mover to the performance of any act or course of action. The fact is implied by the meaning of the word itself. If good deeds can be rendered more frequent by increasing the motives to their practice, the world in general will be all the better and the happier for that increase.

The problem in ethics to be solved is, simply,  *how*  men and women may be most easily led to behave like very good boys and girls. We urge children to do their best by rewards of merit. Why should not the minds of adults be stimulated by similar persuasive forces? Nor can worldly motives, if pulling in the same direction as moral and religious motives, be productive of anything but good. And we want motives to excite the good to become still more persistently and exemplarily good, all the more that terror of punishment is unfortunately insufficient to make the bad abstain from deeds of wickedness.

With this view, a philanthropic Frenchman, M. de Montyon, founded in 1819 annual prizes for acts of benevolence and devotedness, which, besides addressing our higher feelings, appeal to two strong passions, interest and vanity. And why should integrity pass unrewarded? Why should bright conduct be hid under a bushel? In a darksome night, how far the little candle throws his beams! So  *ought*  to shine a good deed in a naughty world. Most undoubtedly, to do good by stealth is highly praiseworthy; but there is no reason why the blush which arises on finding it fame should necessarily be a painful blush. Far better that it should be a glow of pleasure.

More than forty years have now elapsed since these prizes for virtue were instituted, during which period more than seven hundred persons have received the reward of their exemplary conduct. The French Academy, which distributes the prizes, has decided (doing violence to the modesty of the recipients) to publish their good deeds to the world. After the announcement of their awards, a *livret*  or list in the form of a pamphlet is issued, recounting each specific case with the same simplicity with which it was performed. These lists are spread throughout all France and further, in the belief that the more widely meritorious actions are known, the greater chance there is of their being imitated.

The awards made by the French Academy up to the present day to virtuous actions give an average of about eighteen per annum. These eighteen annual "crowns" have been competed for by more than seventy memorials coming from every point of France, mostly without the knowledge of the persons interested. In short, since the foundation of the prizes, the Academy has had to read several thousand memorials.

To Monsieur V. P. Demay (Secretary and Chef des Bureaux of the Mairie of the 18th Arrondissement of Paris) the idea occurred of collecting the whole of these *livrets*  into a volume, so as to furnish an analytical summary of the distribution of the prizes throughout the empire, and of appending to it flowers of philanthropic eloquence culled from the speeches made at the Academic meetings. The result is a book entitled "Les Fastes de la Vertu Pauvre en France," "Annals of the Virtuous Poor in France."

No one, before M. Demay, thought of undertaking the Statistics of Virtue. The subject has not found a place on any scientific programme, French or international; whether through forgetfulness or not, the fact remains indisputable. And be it remarked that the seven hundred and thirty-two laureats to whom rewards have been decreed, represent only a fraction of the number of highly deserving persons. In all their reports ever since 1820, the French Academy has declared that it had only the embarrassment of choosing between the candidates while awarding the prizes, so equally meritorious were their acts. Therefore, to the seven hundred and thirty-two nominees ought to be added the two thousand four hundred and forty competitors whose cases were considered during that period, making altogether a total of three thousand one hundred and seventy-two instances of conduct worthy of imitation which had been brought to light by the agency of the prizes.

The book, not more amusing than other statistics, is nevertheless highly suggestive. Serious thought is the consequence of opening its pages. It is a touching book, and goes to the heart, as the acts it records came from the heart. After reading it, many will feel prompted to go and do likewise by some effort of generosity or self-denial. In any case, it cannot be other than a moralising work to bring to light so many instances of devotion, and to set them forth as public examples.

In some of his speculations our author, perhaps, may be considered as just a little too sanguine. Certainly, if there are tribunals for the infliction of punishment, there is no reason why tribunals should not exist for the conferring of recompenses. How far they are likely to become general, is a question for consideration. Also, it is true that newspapers give the fullest details of horrid crimes, while they are brief in their usual mention of meritorious actions. But before M. Demay, somebody said, "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water;" and it is to be feared he is somewhat too bright-visioned a

seer, when he hopes that, through Napoleon the Third's and Baron Haussmann's educational measures, coupled with the influence of the Montyon prizes, "at no very distant day, the words penitentiary, prison, &c., will exist only in the state of souvenirs—painful as regards the past, but consolatory for the future."

To give the details of such a multitude of virtuous acts is simply impossible. M. Demay can only rapidly group those which present the most striking features, and which have appeared still more extraordinary—for that is the proper word—than the others, conferring on their honoured actors surnames recognised throughout whole districts. It is the Table of Honour of Virtuous Poverty, crowned by the verdict of popular opinion. Among these latter are (the parentheses contain the name of their department): the Mussets, husband and wife, salt manufacturers, at Château Salins (Meurthe), surnamed the Second Providence of the Poor; Suzanne Géal, wife of the keeper of the lock-up house, at Florac (Lozère), surnamed the Prison Angel; David Lacroix, fisherman, at Dieppe (Seine-Inférieure), surnamed the *Sauveur*, the Saviour, instead of the *Sauveteur*, the Rescuer, after having pulled one hundred and seventeen people out of fire and water—he has the Cross of the Legion of Honour; Marie Philippe; Widow Gambon, vine-dresser, at Nanterre (Seine), surnamed la Mère de bon Secours, or Goody Helpful; Madame Langier, at Orgon (Bouche-du-Rhône), surnamed la Quêteuse, the Collector of Alms.

In the spring of 1839 almost the whole canton of Ax (Ariège) was visited by the yellow fever, which raged for ten months, and carried off a sixth of the population. It was especially malignant at Prades. Terror was at its height; those whom the scourge had spared were prevented by their fears from assisting their sick neighbours, menaced with almost certain death. Nevertheless, a young girl, Madeleine Fort, who had been brought up in the practice of good works, exerted herself to the utmost in all directions. During the course of those ten disastrous months she visited, consoled, and nursed more than five hundred unfortunates; and if she could not save them from the grave, she followed them, alone, to their final resting-place. Two Sisters of Charity were sent to help her; one was soon carried off, and the second fell ill. The curé died, and was replaced by another. The latter, finding himself smitten, sent for Madeleine. One of the flock had to tend the pastor. Those disastrous days have long since disappeared; but if the traveller, halting at Prades, asks for Madeleine Fort's dwelling, he will be answered, "Ah! you mean our Sister of Charity?"

Suzanne Bichon is only a servant. Her master and mistress were completely ruined by the negro insurrection in St. Domingo; but the worthy woman would not desert them—she worked for them all, and took care of the children. On being offered a better place, that is, a more lucrative engagement, she refused it

with the words, "You will easily find another person, but can my master and mistress get another servant?" The Academy gave their recompense for fifteen years of this devoted service. Her mistress wanted to go and take a place herself; she would not hear of it, making them believe that she had means at her command, and expectations. But all her means lay in her capacity for work, while her expectations were—Providence. It is not to be wondered at that she was known as Good Suzette.

Such attachments as these on the part of servants are a delightful contrast to what we commonly see in the course of our household experience. They can hardly be looked for under the combined régime of register-offices, a month's wages or a month's warning, no followers, Sundays out, and crinoline.

We look for virtue amongst the clergy. The devotion, self-denial, and resignation often witnessed amongst them are matters of notoriety. Nevertheless, it is right that one of its members should find a place on a list like the present. In 1834, the Abbé Bertran was appointed curé of Peyriac (Aude). He was obliged, so to speak, to conquer the country of which he was soon to be the benefactor. For two years he had to struggle with the obstinate resistance which his parishioners opposed to him. His evangelical gentleness succeeded in vanquishing every obstacle; henceforth he was master of the ground, and could march onwards with a firm step. At once he consecrated his patrimony to the restoration of the church and the presbytery. He bought a field, turned architect, and soon there arose a vast building which united the two extremes of life—old age and infancy. He then opened simultaneously a girls' school, an infant school, and a foundling hospital. He sought out the orphans belonging to the canton, and supplied a home to old people of either sex. To effect these objects the good pastor expended seventy thousand francs (nearly three thousand pounds), the whole of his property: he left himself without a sou. But he had sown his seed in good ground, and it promised to produce a hundred-fold. Rich in his poverty, his place is marked beside Vincent de Paul and Charles Borromeo.

Goodness may even indulge in its caprices and still remain good. Marguerite Monnier, surnamed *la Mayon* (a popular term of affection in Lorraine), seems to have selected a curious speciality for the indulgence of her charitable propensities. It is requisite to be infirm or idiotic to be entitled to receive her benevolent attentions. When quite a child, she selects as her friend a poor blind beggar, whom she visits every day in her wretched hovel. She makes her bed, lights her fire, and cooks her food. While going to school, she remarks a poor old woman scarcely able to drag herself along, but, nevertheless, crawling to the neighbouring wood to pick up a few dry sticks. She follows her thither, helps her to gather them, and brings back the load on her own shoulders. Grown to

womanhood, and married, Marguerite successively gives hospitality to an idiot, a crazy person, a crétin, several paralytic patients, orphans, strangers without resources, and even drunkards (one would wish to see in their failing an infirmity merely). Every creature unable to take care of itself finds in her a ready protector. Such are her lodgers, her clients, her customers! Ever cheerful, she amuses them by discourse suited to their comprehension. All around her is in continued jubilation, and Marguerite herself seems to be more entertained than anybody else. It may be said, perhaps, that a person must be born with a natural disposition for this kind of devotedness. Granted; but his claim to public gratitude is not a whit the less for that.

Catherine Vernet, of Saint-Germain (Puy-de-Dôme), is a simple lacemaker, who, after devoting herself to her family, has for thirty years devoted herself to those who have no one to take care of them. Her savings having amounted to a sufficient sum for the purchase of a small house, she converted it into a sort of hospital with eight beds always occupied. Situated amongst the mountains of Auvergne, this hospital is a certain refuge for *perdus*, travellers who have lost their way. It is an imitation of the Saint Bernard; and if it has not attained its celebrity, it emanates from the same source, charity.

In looking through the lists and comparing the several departments of France, it would be hard to say that one department is better than another; because their population, and other important influential circumstances, vary immensely between themselves. But what strikes one immediately, is the great preponderance of good women—rewarded as such—over good men. Thus, to dip into the list at hazard, we have—Meuse, one man, five women; Seine, thirty-one men, ninety-eight women; Loire, two men, six women; Côte-d'Or, three men, eleven women; and so on. The nature of the acts rewarded—also taken by chance—are these: reconciliation of families in *vendetta* (Corsica); maintenance of deserted children; rescues from fire and water; faithfulness to master and mistress for sixteen years; adoption of seven orphans for fifteen years; maintenance of master and mistress fallen into poverty; devotion to the aged; nursing the sick poor; killing a mad dog who inflicted fourteen bites. When "inexhaustible charity" and "succour to the indigent" are mentioned, one would like to know whether they consisted in mere alms-giving. Probably not; because by "charity" Montyon understood, not the momentary impulse which causes us to help a suffering fellow-creature, and then dies away, but the constant, durable affection which regards him as another self, and whose device is "Privation, Sacrifice."

In the period, then, between 1819 and 1864 seven hundred and seventy-six persons received Montyon rewards, two hundred and eleven of whom were men, and five hundred and sixty-five women. In M. Demay's opinion, the dis-

proportion ought to surprise nobody; for if Man is gifted with virile courage, which is capable of being suddenly inflamed, and is liable to be similarly extinguished, Woman only is endowed with the boundless, incessant, silent devotion, which is found in the mother, the wife, the daughter, the sister. This dear companion, given by God to man, is conscious of the noble mission allotted her to fulfil on earth. We behold the results in her acts, and in what daily occurs in families. Abnegation, with her, is a natural instinct. "She may prove weak, no doubt; she may even go astray; but, be assured, she always retains the divine spark of charity, which only awaits an opportunity to burst forth into a brilliant flame. Let us abstain, therefore, from casting a stone at temporary error; let us pardon, and forget. Our charity will lead her back to duty more efficaciously than all the moral stigmas we could possibly inflict."

The years most fruitful in acts of devotion appear to have been 1851, 1852, and 1857, in which twenty-seven and twenty-eight prizes were awarded. Their cause is, that previously the Academy received memorials from the authorities only. But after making an appeal to witnesses of every class and grade, virtue, if the expression may be allowed, overflowed in all directions. Lives of heroism and charity, hidden in the secrets of the heart, were suddenly brought to the light of day, to the great surprise of their heroes and heroines. During the same period there was distributed, in money, three hundred and sixty-four thousand francs (sixteen thousand pounds); in medals, four hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty francs (sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds); total, seven hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred and fifty francs (thirty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds). The Montyon prizes are worth having, and not an insult to the persons to whom they are offered. The sums of money given range as high as one, two, three, and even four thousand francs; the medals vary in value from five and six hundred to a thousand francs; but even a five-hundred franc or twenty-pound medal is a respectable token of approbation and esteem. In some few cases, both money and a medal are bestowed.

It may be said that the persons to whom these prizes are given would have done the same deeds without any reward. True; and therein lies their merit. And ought money to be given to recompense virtuous acts? Yes, most decidedly; because it will confer on its recipients their greatest possible recompense—the power of doing still more good. Money gifts are not to be depreciated so long as there are orphans to sustain, sick poor to nurse, and infirm old age to keep from starvation.

Finally, is charity the growth of one period of life rather than of another? On inspecting the lists, we find children, six, twelve, thirteen years of age, and close to them octogenarians, one nonagenarian, one centenarian! If noble



courage does not wait for fulness of years, it would appear not to take its flight on their arrival.

### A DASH INTO YORKSHIRE.

ONE day lately, I felt myself to be very stupid. I will not be guilty of the modest affectation of saying, "though, by the way, that is nothing unusual;" for, however true that may be, no one believes it when he says it, and such modesty is nothing but a hypocritical pretence. I own, without any reservation whatever, that, on the occasion I refer to, I was stupid. Plodding day after day, and week after week, in the same beaten track, round and round like a mill-horse, I was getting into a dazed mechanical state, and I felt that if I did not bolt and kick up my heels I should become idiotic. I tried to think coherently, and I couldn't. I tried to speak coherently about the most common-place matters, and I couldn't. When any one challenged me to express my views with regard to that easiest of topics, the weather, I found that I was incapable of going straight to the point. I was unable to say, in so many words, that it was very wet weather when it was raining cats and dogs. Or if the sun shone, I found it equally difficult to declare that it was fine. My sentences came out wrong end first. I had no ideas upon any subject whatever, or if I had I was quite unable to express them in intelligible words. I was beginning to have a vague sense that my brain was gone, and that there was nothing left in my skull for my senses to act upon.

When I was in this state, gravely doubting whether I should ever have the use of my faculties any more, I suddenly formed my resolution. I am generally a well-ordered person, and, as a rule, never do anything without due consideration. There is nothing flighty or capricious in my character. Yet on this occasion my conduct was flighty and capricious in the last degree. At nine o'clock in the morning I had no idea of leaving London for many weeks; but at nine o'clock that night I was more than two hundred miles away from London, in a town where I did not know a single soul, and in which I had no business whatever. When I formed my resolution, I was in the street, proceeding to my mill. Suddenly I turned on my heel, retraced my steps to my chambers, and packed a little carpet-bag with a change of clothes. In ten minutes I was in the street again, with the carpet-bag in my hand. In what direction should I bend my steps? I had no idea on the subject. I scarcely knew for what purpose I was carrying the carpet-bag. Walking on and on, I found myself in the Marylebone-road. I was at a station of the underground railway. I did not fancy that. Presently I came in sight of the Ionic portico of the London and North-Western. I never liked that severe portico. It did not invite me. By-and-by the clock of the Great Northern peeped down upon me over

the tops of the houses. It was like the face of an old friend. In times gone I had looked up at that clock, when my heart beat high with thoughts of home far away among the northern hills.

Through the gate underneath, I had many times passed on to happiness. I knew that I could not go home now; but I would be on the road; my face would be towards it. I might beguile myself with the idea that I was going the old hopeful journey to the end. The big round face of the clock seemed to smile upon me; the hands seemed to beckon me. I entered the terminus, and, without any idea as to my destination, or the times when trains started, presented myself at the ticket-office.

I merely said to the clerk, "A ticket."

"Where for?" he asked.

I thought for a moment, and answered "Yorkshire," it having, in that moment of reflection, come into my head that I had heard and read much of that famous county, and had never been in it, except to set foot upon the platform at York in passing through to the far north.

"Where in Yorkshire?" the clerk asked, looking at me very hard.

While he was asking the question my eye fell upon the word "Leeds," on the panel of his box.

"Leeds," I said, mechanically.

He handed me a ticket, and in five minutes' time I was in a comfortable first-class carriage rattling away for a place that I had never visited in my life, and in which I did not know a single soul.

Awaking to a sense of being in for an unusual enterprise, I suddenly began to find my brains and my coherence of speech. A fellow-passenger challenged me on the abstruse subject of cultivation by steam, and I found that I knew a good deal about it, and could deliver myself quite fluently. My mental vacuity was dispelled, as a toothache is sometimes cured by the sight of the dentist's brass plate. At the dentist's door you can turn back; but when you put yourself into an express train at King's Cross, there is no turning back until you reach Peterborough. I thought I would turn back at Peterborough; but when I got to Peterborough, my blood was up, that is to say, it was in an active state of circulation, and I was ready for anything. I determined to go on to Leeds, though what I was going to do when I got there I had not the slightest idea.

Thinking about Yorkshire, I become deeply interested in that county and its inhabitants. I recal all that I have read of the characteristics of the people, their quaint sayings, the Yorkshiremen I have seen in pieces at the theatres, wearing red waistcoats, saying "dom it," and talking about pints of "yell" and going "whoam." Old scenes in novels come back to me, scenes in which Yorkshiremen made a display of their honesty and their appetites in an athletic sort of a way, as if honesty and eating were feats of strength with them. Wakefield conjured up the good old vicar, and Moses buying the

green spectacles, though of course it was not their Wakefield. I thought, too, of Mr. Squeers, and John Browdie, and Yorkshire pies and puddings, and hams, and all the good and bad things with which the name of the county is associated. And so I worked myself up into a state of hot enthusiasm about Yorkshire, and pursued my journey with as much eager expectancy as was ever manifested by a Mahomedan going to Mecca.

If anybody with ordinary powers of observation and description will go anywhere and relate what he sees and hears faithfully, he can scarcely fail to interest those who listen to him. It is when people write all out of their own heads that they are dull and incomprehensible. Human nature is always interesting to human nature. I feel confident, therefore, that I shall not bore the intelligent reader by relating faithfully what I saw, heard, and observed, in my scamper through the county of York. If you put yourself in my place, which, being an imaginative reader, you will have no difficulty in doing, you will feel it quite a new sensation to be walking into a strange town with a little carpet-bag in your hand, but with no purpose in your mind, seeking adventures, and trusting to the chapter of accidents.

So this is Leeds! "Great seat of the woollen trade," my geography-book used to tell me, though I had vague notions about that word "seat," and was apt to wonder how the woollen trade sat down upon it. I cannot tell how I came to entertain the notion that Leeds was rather an elegant sort of a town, for a seat of commerce, but I approached Leeds with that impression. Perhaps it was owing to something that I had read in a geography-book at school, aided by a general idea that a seat of the woollen trade would naturally be soft. But the first glimpse I had of a forest of tall chimneys lifting their heads above a canopy of black smoke, was so strangely out of harmony with my ideal, that I began to think I had got into the wrong carriage, and been carried to Manchester. But no, it was Leeds. They didn't expect me, evidently; for there was no fly waiting to convey me in triumph through the town. Three flies were in attendance truly, but they were engaged beforehand; but there were none for chance travellers. I felt it to be entirely my own fault. I ought to have given the good people notice. I cannot remember ever before this occasion emerging from a railway station with a carpet-bag in my hand without being surrounded by a mob of boys competing for the honour and profit of carrying my luggage. But here not a boy appeared. Not a single soul was on the look-out for any chance whatever. Good sign, I thought. All employed in the wool trade. Plenty of work, good wages, no idle people. So I trudged along with my carpet-bag until it began to rain water, soot, powdered bricks, and grit, when I turned into the first hotel I came to. I went straight to the smoking-room, to calm my feelings with a cigar. The room was full of smokers. They were mostly enormously big men with large long heads and high cheek-

bones, and they all wore brown leggings and had whips. They were smoking long pipes—of a length to match themselves—in silence when I went in; but presently they began to talk. What is the matter with me? Have I relapsed? Has my comprehension left me? I do not understand a single word they say. Ah, I see now; it is the dialect. Having had long experience of it on the stage, I couldn't have believed that real Yorkshiremen would speak it so ill. I listened very attentively, but I could make nothing of the conversation. If they had only mentioned the word "yell," or said "dom it," I might have felt that I was in Yorkshire; but they never said anything so intelligible, and I didn't feel that I was in Yorkshire. I spoke to my next neighbour in real Yorkshire, which I learned from a celebrated comedian, and the ignorant yokel did not understand a word I said. I observed too, with disappointment, that their hair was not flaxen, and didn't curl; and that not a man in the room slapped his waistcoat. One man had so far outraged his county and the well-known habits of its people as to come out without a waistcoat. And without a flaxen wig that curls all over his head, and a waistcoat to slap when he says "dom it," how can a man be a Yorkshireman?

I went in search of new adventures, and wandering about for some time among high gaunt red-brick woollen warehouses—unrelieved by a single bright shop or cheerful dwelling—I met with an adventure. I was getting very depressed, and thinking of going back to London by the very next train, when I heard somebody cry "Hoy!" I turned round and saw a stout sturdy ruddy-faced gentleman standing at a green gate about twenty yards off. He cried "Hoy!" again, and seeing that the signal was intended for me, I went towards him. He seized me by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he was glad to see me.

"How was I?"

I said I was quite well. How was he?

"First rate."

"And how were all friends in London?"

I ventured to say that all friends in London were in a satisfactory condition.

"And now come in," he said; "dinner will be ready in a few minutes."

Now, the reader can believe me or not, just as he likes; but I can honestly assure him that I had never seen this gentleman before in my life; but in looking at him, and listening to his voice during the above brief colloquy, I came to have a notion that I had known him for a long time, that he had been expecting me, and that I should find everything prepared for my reception. Nothing occurred to dispel that notion, but everything to confirm it. My host introduced me to his wife. She shook hands with me, and said she was glad to see me. Would I take a glass of wine after my long journey? If I wished to change my clothes, I would find my room—right-hand door on the first landing. The cloth was already laid, and it was laid for three.

"We expected you at two," the lady said;

"but as you did not come, I put the dinner back."

"It was very kind of you, I'm sure," I said. "Oh, not at all," she protested. "Would I take my pudding before my meat or after? Yorkshire fashion was to take it before the meat."

I said I would take it Yorkshire fashion, for I loved the Yorkshire fashions.

"Had I seen Polson lately?" my host asked.

"Yes, I had seen him last week."

"Still at the old shop, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "he was still at the old shop."

"And what was he doing. Still at the old game?"

"Yes," I said, "still at the old game."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly away. When we were sitting over our wine, my host said: "I have invited a few friends to meet you this evening. All people that you know. Marsh and his wife, Dawson and his wife, Partridge and his wife. Old Cockle is coming, too—you remember old Cockle, of course?"

I said that it was very kind of him, that I should be very glad to meet so many persons that I knew, and that I particularly remembered old Cockle. I firmly believed at the moment that I did know all these people, and when they came I recognised them all on the instant. Looking round the table, at the "tea fight" (which was a pleasant Yorkshire meal of tea, coffee, fish, roast fowls, and buttered cakes), every face that I saw was familiar to me, so was every voice I heard. Shutting my eyes, I knew them all by their speech. I heard old Cockle incidentally mention that he had never been in London. Until this day I had never been in Leeds. Yet I knew old Cockle, and old Cockle knew me. This is not a story that begins with an indigestion and ends with that most unsatisfactory disillusioning device, "a wild and troubled dream." It is a simple fact that I am relating. For two days I found myself in a strange town, which I had never visited before, in the midst of familiar faces and old friends, who entertained me hospitably, and paid me every attention. First, one old friend and then another old friend conducted me over the town to view the lions of Leeds. They are not many, and they are not imposing. They roar a good deal like sucking doves. It is a dingy sombre town, marred by the workhouse order of architecture and ugly-coloured bricks. It struck me as strange that a town which produces such fine soft glossy cloth, should be itself so rusty and threadbare. The town-hall is a magnificent building, perhaps the handsomest town-hall in the kingdom; but it is too fine for the town. It stands like an exquisite marble statue in the midst of a builder's lumber-yard. Briggate, the principal commercial street, is a sort of two-storied Tottenham-court-road. The woollen mills give you the wild idea of houses suffering from jaundice. All the goods sold in the shops seem to be soft goods. I wanted a penknife, and searched three streets in vain for a cutler's. I entered, at last, a shop

that had a slight look of hardware, and when I asked for a penknife, they tried to put me off with a woollen comforter. In the end, the shop-boy was sent out to procure the article I wanted, and he was so long absent that I think he must have gone to Sheffield for it.

I was much struck with the paucity of public-houses—good phrase that "paucity of public-houses"—in Leeds. I congratulated my guide on the pleasing fact, as being a testimony to the temperate habits of the people. I regret to say that he could not accept my congratulations. He let me into a secret. The public-houses in Leeds are mostly situated up courts. There is no sign of them in the main streets; but if you go up the courts, there you find them. And every street was pierced with these sly little courts, like rabbit-holes in a sand-bank.

The young ladies in Leeds are all in the fashion; but they overdo the thing a little. Their chignons are nearly as big as their heads, so that they appear when in the streets to have two heads, one with a hat and one without.

I found at a public office an old friend—whom I had never seen before in my life—who had made arrangements to conduct me over a woollen mill. One proprietor refused to admit me, having a strong suspicion that it was my design to take the pattern of his new machinery. Another made me welcome, and showed me everything. The history of a yard of doeskin would fill a volume, so I cannot even attempt to summarise it. From the sheep's back to the final rolling of it up in a bale, it goes through a score of elaborate processes, and changes its appearance every time. It is always going into a machine, or a tub, or a boiler, and coming out—like a comic entertainer—in a new form. It is torn to pieces by the "devil," and spun and twisted, and teazled, and boiled, and dyed, and pummelled, and shaved, and hot pressed, and I don't know what all. The adventures of a pair of sixteen-shilling trousers would beat the exploits of the seven-leagued boots all to nothing.

A word as to shoddy. I thought it was a term of reproach, a thing to be ashamed of, a sly dodge of the duffer. But Leeds is not ashamed of shoddy, it talks about it openly, uses it openly. What is shoddy?

I was not quite clear on this point before I went to Leeds, but I know all about it now, and will give others the benefit of my newly-acquired useful knowledge. Shoddy is old wool made as good as new. Every manufacturer keeps a devil, a ravenous beast with a fearful set of iron teeth, and an insatiable appetite for old coats and old trousers, old anything that is made of wool. Toss him an old garment, and he will tear it to pieces in no time. The spun and woven threads are converted into wool again, and are worked up into new threads to be woven once more into a piece of cloth. Cloth so made—with a mixture of new wool—looks very well and wears very well. I defy you to tell which is shoddy cloth and which is not. We all wear shoddy without knowing it. For light wear, shoddy cloth will serve every purpose;

but it will not stand strain and exertion. You must not venture to practise gymnastics in a pair of shoddy trousers. Here is the weakness of shoddy—the shortness of the staple. You know now—if you did not know before—why the old clothesman is so eager and anxious to buy any garment, however ragged, which is composed entirely of wool. The old suit goes to the mill and comes back to you in a new shape. Your trousers to-day may be your waistcoat to-morrow. Such is the economy of modern trade.

The cloth-hall at Leeds is a huge shed, a quarter of a mile long; the area of which is divided into streets of stalls, at which, on market-days, the manufacturers exhibit specimens of their goods. It is a curious place, well worth seeing. Let me impart to the reader a secret I picked up here. How to tell if there is cotton in a piece of cloth. Take a small piece and tear it both ways, against the warp and against the woof. The wool in tearing makes a dull soft sound; the cotton rends with a crackling noise. Do this when your tailor swears “it is all wool,” and see how foolish he will look when he hears the rattle of the cotton threads. The price of broadcloth ranges from a shilling a yard to twenty shillings! At wholesale prices you can get cloth enough to make a suit, for five shillings.

Having seen Leeds at work, I was curious to see it at play. With this purpose I made the round of its night amusements. I went to a theatre. It was poorly attended, as it deserved to be; for though the house was large and capable of being made bright and attractive, it was in an inconceivably dirty state, and the performance on the stage was dreary in the last degree. When will provincial managers be brought to understand that people do not go to the theatre as a duty, but to be made cheerful and to be amused? Why should any one come away from anywhere to sit in this dingy den, and be witness to a performance which, in point of art and skill, is below the mark of the busker who executes a clog dance on the cellar-flap in the street?

I visited a music-hall. It had evidently been a floor-cloth factory, or something of that kind; but, with bright lights and a lively band of musicians, it was infinitely more cheerful than the theatre. This Leeds music-hall has its peculiarities. The people are admitted to the body of the building gratis, paying for their entertainment in the price of the beer they drink. The charge for admission to the galleries is sixpence, and there is a sort of pew at the end of the hall set apart for mothers with children in arms. The entertainment was of the usual character. Awkward young ladies in dingy evening costume, showing a lanky length of red arm, came on with pieces of music—of which they could not read a note—and sang sentimental ballads in shrill notes, which set your teeth on edge. Then the all-pervading irrepressible comic man, with the brimless hat and the long-tailed coat, treated us to Slap-bang and Kafoozlum and Um-doodle-day, and always when he failed to make an

effect, knocked his hat over his eyes, and by that triumphant stroke of humour invariably brought down the house. It was not exactly an elevating entertainment; but it admitted of great variety, and the audience seemed amused. It was at least a lively place, and well ordered of its kind, which the theatre was not.

In the course of three hours I pretty well exhausted the night's entertainments of Leeds. They included an organ performance at the town-hall, a concert, and a reading at the Mechanics' Institution.

They are a musical people in Leeds. From almost every court leading to the public-houses tuneful voices reached the street, and in some of the houses fiddles were going. In the bar of a little beer-shop, which I was curious enough to visit, I found a handsome piano jammed up against the beer engine, and a man playing it for the delectation of half a dozen yokels, who were drinking their beer at the counter. It was a mean shabby little beer-shop; but the piano was in a fine rosewood case, and the performer played remarkably well. There was nothing to pay for the music. I had half a pint and a grand fantasia for twopence. Nay, more: a gentleman at the bar did a little double-shuffle for the entertainment of the customers generally. It seemed to me that the piano was a pleasant mitigation of the mere drinking and getting drunk purposes of the ordinary public-house bar; and I have observed that where music, singing, dancing, and other amusements are dispensed with liquor, they have the effect of keeping people sober.

My kind host offered, if I would step over to Wakefield with him, to show me a curiosity: the said curiosity being the whole of the original manuscript of the *Pickwick Papers*, which, I was assured, is in the possession of a printer there. Perhaps this will be news to the conductor of this journal. I was informed, too, that a Yorkshire schoolmaster advertises himself as the proprietor of the real original *Dotheboys' Hall*, which is now conducted on principles of the most boundless liberality. My new old friend in Leeds—whose hearty hospitality and kindness I shall never forget—pressed me to stay a day or two longer; but as I was cured of my vacuity, I was anxious—selfish person that I am—to get back to town. I took Hull in my way, though it was a good deal out of my way, and took a glance at the lions there. I had shared in the impression, which, I believe, is the popular one, that Hull was in the last degree a dull, smoky, dreary town. I had heard it associated with another place whose name begins with H and ends with two P's. But I found that Hull had been much belied and shamefully traduced. The Humber, if it were not normally of the colour of pea-soup, is as fine a river as any in the kingdom. As to the town, I prefer it to Leeds. The bricks are of a better colour, the streets are busy and bustling, and the surrounding country is really charming. Hull has a statue, a marvellous statue. It is situated in the market-street, in the midst of oyster-stalls



and fish-barrows, and it represents William the Third on horseback; William and the horse being both gilt all over. The golden man and horse have a curious effect prancing among the trucks and booths. And here, for the first time in Yorkshire, I was gratified by hearing somebody say "dom'd." I asked a native why Hull had erected a statue to William the Third; and he said he was "dom'd if he knew." I believe William did Hull the honour of landing on its shores, when he was obliging enough to come over from Holland to govern England. It was there that first he showed his lampblack face.

Hull is maritime, and has docks, and ships, and sailors, and is all the more lively in consequence. It has two theatres, a circus, and several music-halls. One of the theatres (the Royal) is an example of what may be done, even in the provinces, by enterprise and liberal management. It is a handsome roomy building, elegantly decorated and luxuriously furnished, and the pieces are dressed and mounted in first-rate style. The result is, that the better classes go to the stalls and boxes, and that the local shareholders find their account in a well-filled treasury. Hull, too, has a pretty park, with pleasant walks, and flower-beds, and ornamental waters; and the roads leading to the country are studded with bright little villas, where you may hold house comfortably and elegantly for thirty pounds a year. So never believe any one who says that there is only the difference of a letter between Hull and the infernal regions.

#### LOOK UPWARD.

They build too low, who build beneath the stars.

Thou didst help me across the brooklet  
And over the marshy fen,  
All through the tangled thicket,  
And up the rocky glen;

But when we came to the torrent  
That dash'd and foam'd along,  
A stouter heart I needed,  
A grasp more firm and strong.

Thou didst lead me through the twilight,  
'Mid shadows gaunt and drear,  
And with thine arm around me  
I felt no doubt nor fear.

But when the grim deep darkness  
Set in on every side,  
My faint heart sank within me,  
I craved a safer guide.

Thou didst comfort me in seasons  
Of sadness, toil, and pain,  
But when death stood between us  
I look'd to thee in vain.

In rain, and wind, and tempest,  
How constant was thy hold!  
But when earth quaked beneath us,  
I felt thy touch grow cold.

O, strength so dearly trusted,  
O, clasp of human love,  
Frail reed we fondly lean on,  
How feeble dost thou prove!

O, silence dead, unbroken

By friendship's tenderest tone,  
Dark ways that must be trodden,  
Dark waters stemmed alone!

A surer faith, unshaken,  
The failing heart demands,  
A voice from higher regions,  
A grasp from unseen hands.

#### LAZARUS, LOTUS-EATING.

NINE o'clock on Saturday evening, the place Cornhill, and the want a policeman. Wonderfully quiet and still is the Exchange yonder, for the bears have left their accustomed pit for the night, and the bulls are lowing over club mangers, or the family cribs at home. Curiously quiet, too, is the vast thoroughfare we are in. Shops and warehouses, banks and offices, are closed; and though here and there a blaze of light tells you how to telegraph to India, or glimmers out of one of the upper windows of the closely-shuttered houses you pass, the great street is wonderfully free from the feverish traffic of the day. Lazarus starts up out of the shadows which fantastically combine together on the pavement under the illuminated clock to the left, and having yielded to his prayer for pence, you and I look out anxiously for a policeman to aid us in tracing him home. Perhaps we carry with us a mysterious talisman which will at once enlist the sympathies and ensure the co-operation of the force; perhaps we rely on our powers of personal persuasion; perhaps we have justice on our side, and claim its officers as allies; perhaps we wish to test the truthfulness of the pitiful story he has told us; or perhaps we are merely animated by a holy hatred of beggars, and a wish to prosecute Lazarus to the death. Let us look at him again. Shabby canvas trousers, a loose and ragged blue jacket, high cheek-bones, small sunken eyes, a bare shaven face, and an untidy pigtail—such is Lazarus. He is one of the poor wretched Chinamen who shiver and cower and whine at our street-corners, and are mean and dirty, squalid and contemptible, even beyond beggars generally. See how he slinks and shambles along; and note the astonishment of the policeman we meet at last, when we tell him we wish to trace the abject wretch home. We have been through Cornhill and Leadenhall-street, past the corner where a waterman is pottering about with a lantern, a modern Diogenes, who, in the absence of the bulls and bears, is looking in vain for an honest man, and are close by Aldgate pump, and in the full glare of the huge clothing establishment at the Minories' corner, before we come upon our policeman. New-court, Palmer's Folly, Bluegate-fields, that is where the Chinese opium-smoking house is, and that is where Lazarus is bound for.

"I know them Chinamen well," adds Mr. Policeman, sententiously; "they'll beg, and duff, and dodge about the West-end—we won't have 'em here—and never spend nothin' of what they makes, till night. They don't care for no

drink, and seem to live without eating, so far as I know. It's their opium at night they likes, and you'll find half a dozen on 'em in one bed at Yahee's a-smoking and sleeping away, like so many dormice! No, sir, it wouldn't be at all safe for you to venture up New-court alone. It ain't the Chinamen, nor yet the Lascars, nor yet the Bengalees as would hurt you; but there is an uncommon rough crew of English hangin' in and about there, and it would be better for you to have a constable with you—much better; and if you go to Leman-street the inspector will put you in the way." This was all the information I needed from the policeman.

Lazarus has shambled out of sight during our colloquy, and so, hastily following him down Butcher-row, Whitechapel, and resisting the fascinating blandishments of its butchers, who press upon us "prime and nobby jintes for to-morrow's dinner at nine-a-half, and no bone to speak of," reach Leman-street and its police-station in due course. A poster outside one of the butchers' shops causes me annoyance and regret, for it announces a forthcoming meeting at which the difficulties besetting the trade are to be discussed in solemn conclave at Butchers' Hall, and inspires me with an abortive desire to assist in the deliberations. To hear the rinderpest spoken on by the astute professors who have made money by it, and to learn the causes assigned by salesmen for the present price of meat, would be both instructive and profitable; but, alas! some parochial guardians, with whom I am at issue on the propriety of stifling and otherwise maltreating paupers, meet on the same evening, and for their sake I give up the butchers with a sigh. Pushing through the small crowd outside the station, crossing a long flagged court, and ascending a few steps to the right, we present our credentials to the inspector on duty. A one-eyed gentleman is in the dock, and oscillates up and down on the iron railing round it, like an inane puppet whose wires are broken. He is an Irishman, whose impulsive nature has led him to savagely bite and scratch the landlord of a public-house near, for having dared to pronounce him drunk, and for refusing him a further supply of stimulants. The landlord prefers the charge, and shows a bleeding forefinger, from which the nail has been torn. Irishman protests that he is a poor workin' man, who doesn't like to be insulted; tipsy friends of Irishman noisily proffer themselves as witnesses to his general virtue and the extreme meekness of his disposition; and then retire, grumbling, at "ten o'clock on Monday, before the magistrate, will be the time for all that," being the answer given them. Inspector, methodically and with much neatness, enters name and address of both biter and bitten, and a few other details, in the charge-sheet, and the man is removed. The landlord binds up his bleeding hand, and the next business (a shrieking lady, with dishevelled hair) is proceeded with. Blue-gate-fields is not in this police district, but the

inspector will send a constable with me to a station which is only five minutes' walk from the place I want. Arriving here, the wail of a feeble fatuous old Booby, who has been in improper company, and is now crying over the loss of his purse, is the first thing I hear. "Yes, sir; a bo'sun is right, sir; and I only left my ship to-night. Seven pound thirteen and a silver medal. O Lord! O Lord! Felt it in my pocket five minutes before I left the house. Has a constable gone? Deary, deary me!—seven pound, too, and me only left my ship this blessed night!"

This with a profusion of tears, and much maudlin affection for the officers of the law. A few minutes' delay, during which Booby is gruffly and fruitlessly recommended to "give up blathering, as that won't give him his money back," and told what he ought to expect goin' along with such cattle as that; then a slight bustle at the door, and a hideous negress is brought in. From the window of the inspector's little room we look down upon the dock, see the sergeant beyond, who, pen in hand, is entering particulars in his charge-sheet, while the ridiculous old prosecutor on the one hand, and the vile and obscene bird of prey on the other, mouth and gibber at each other, and bandy compliments of fullest flavour. "One of the worst characters about here; used to be always up for robbing sailors and that, but has been much better lately, and hasn't been here, oh not for more than a month." The hideous creature of whom this is said now adds her "blather" to that of the old man, and her protestations are the noisier of the two. Wonderful to relate, these protestations are for once well founded; for at a sign from the inspector, the sergeant again cross-examines the fleeced boatswain as to where he felt his purse last, and the possibility of its being on his person still. In the midst of solemnly incoherent asseverations that the negress has it, the sergeant's hand falls carelessly into the boatswain's outside coat pocket, and lo! the missing purse is held up aloft between the sergeant's forefinger and thumb. Its contents are counted and found right, the negress declaring vehemently against "the old wretch," and, with a shrewd eye to future difficulties, declaring, "It's always so with poor me; people is always swearin' agin me, and accusin' of me wrongfully." The old man looks more foolish than ever, and the inspector and I start on our mission, leaving the sergeant and constables in the midst of warnings and admonitions.

The time spent at the two stations has not been lost, for it is now only half-past ten, and the opium revels are seldom at their height before eleven. There is no limit to the variety of nationalities patronising the wretched hovel we are about to visit. From every quarter of the globe, and more immediately from every district in London, men come to old Yahee: the sole bond between them being a love of opium and a partiality for Yahee's brand. Sailors, stewards, shopmen, mountebanks, beggars, out-

casts, and thieves, meet on perfect equality in New-court, and there smoke themselves into dreamy pleasant stupefaction.

There is a little colony of Orientals in the centre of Bluegate-fields, and in the centre of this colony is the opium divan. We reach it by a narrow passage leading up a narrow court, and easily gain admission on presenting ourselves at its door. Yahee is of great age, is never free from the influence of opium, but sings, tells stories, eats, drinks, cooks, and quarrels, and goes through the routine of his simple life, without ever rousing from the semi-comatose state you see him in now. The curious dry burning odour, which is making your eyelids quiver painfully, which is giving your temples the throbbing which so often predicates a severe headache, and which is tickling your gullet as if with a feather and fine dust, is opium. Its fumes are curling overhead, the air is laden with them, and the bed-clothes and the rags hanging on the string above are all steeped through and through with the fascinating drug. The livid, cadaverous, corpse-like visage of Yahee, the wild excited glare of the young Lascar who opens the door, the stolid sheep-like ruminations of Lazarus and the other Chinamen coiled together on the floor, the incoherent anecdotes of the Bengalee squatted on the bed, the fiery gesticulations of the mulatto and the Manilla-man who are in conversation by the fire, the semi-idiotic jabber of the negroes huddled up behind Yahee, are all due to the same fumes. As soon as we are sufficiently acclimated to peer through the smoke, and after the bearded Oriental who makes faces and passes jibes at, and for the company, has lighted a small candle in our honour, we see a sorry little apartment, which is almost filled by the French bedstead, on which half a dozen coloured men are coiled long-wise across its breadth, and in the centre of which is a common japan tray and opium lamp. Turn which way you will, you see or touch opium smokers. The cramped little chamber is one large opium-pipe, and inhaling its atmosphere partially brings you under the pipe's influence. Swarthy sombre faces loom out of dark corners, until the whole place seems alive with humanity; and turning to your guides you ask, with strange puzzlement, who Yahee's customers are, where they live, and how they obtain the wherewithal for the expensive luxury of opium smoking? But Booboo on the bed there is too quick for you, and, starting up, shouts out, with a volubility which is astounding, considering his half-dead condition a few seconds before, full particulars concerning himself, his past, his future, and the grievance he unjustly labours under now. First, though, of the drug he smokes. "You see, sar, this much opium, dam him, smoke two minutes, sar—no more. Him cost four pennies—him dam dear, but him dam good. No get opium at de Home, sar (the Home for Asiatics); so come to Yahee for small drunk, den go again to Home and sleep him, sar. Yes, me live at de Home, sar—me ship's steward—Bengalee—no get opium

good as dis, except to Yahee, sar. Four pennies, you und'stand, make smoke two minutes, no more; but him make better drunk as tree, four, five glasses rum—you Inglesee like rum drunk, me Bengalee like opium drunk, you und'stand—try him, sar; he much good."

Thus Booboo, who is a well-dressed Asiatic, in a clean shirt, and with a watch chain of great strength and massiveness. He has been without a ship for five months; has just engaged to go on board one on Monday; shows me the owner's note for four pounds, and complains bitterly that they won't change it at the Home, or give him up his box. "Me owe them very leetle, sar, very small piece; me there five months, and pay long time, and now they say you give us money, and we no give you change." Booboo looks a little dangerous as he brandishes his opium-pipe; and old Yahee, who is lying on his back, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, growls out an incoherent warning to be calm. Mother Abdallah, who has just looked in from next door, interprets for us, and we exchange compliments and condolences with Booboo. Mother Abdallah is a London lady, who, from long association with Orientals, has mastered their habits and acquired their tongue. Cheeny (China) Emma and Lascar Sal, her neighbours, are both from home this evening, but Mother Abdallah does the honours for her male friends with much grace and propriety—a pallid wrinkled woman of forty, who prepares and sells opium in another of the two-roomed hovels in the court—she confesses to smoking it, too, for company's sake, or if a friend asks her to, as yer may say—and stoutly maintains the healthiness of the habit. "Vy, look at this 'ere court when the fever was so bad. Who 'ad it? Not them as took opium; not one of 'em, which well you knows, Mr. Cox," turning to the handsome, bluff sergeant of police, who has joined the inspector and myself; "but every one else, and look at the old gen'elman, there; vy, he's more nor eighty year old, and 'ardly ever goes to sleep, bless yer, he don't, indeed; he sings and tells stories the whole blessed night through, and is wonderful 'ealthy and clean. There ain't a cleaner old man than Mr. Yahee, not in Bluegate-fields, and if you could see him in the morning a-scrubbin' and washin' his 'ouse out, and a-rinsing his clothes, it 'ad do your 'art good. Does everythin' for hisself, buys his own bits o' fish, and rice, and vegetables, and cooks and prepares them in the way they like it, don't he, Chin Chin?" Chin Chin is a Chinaman, whose face is well known at the West-end, and who lives by selling tracts and song-books in the streets. He boards with Yahee, and pays one shilling a day. Chin Chin proves more sardonic than communicative, and Mrs. Abdallah resumes: "The old gen'elman has lived here these twenty year, and has looked just the same, and allers done what he's a-doin' of now, made up the opium as they like it, and had a few of 'em lodgin' with 'im. I don't pretend to make it as well as he does, but I've lived here these dozen year, and naturally have got into many

of their ways. He ain't asleep, bless ye, sir; he'll lay like that for hours. Look! he's wakin' up now to light his pipe agin, and then when it's later he'll begin to sing, and 'll keep on singing right through the night. That there young Bengalee, asleep in the corner, is another of his lodgers; he's a ship's cook, he is, only he can't get a ship. They treat 'em shameful, just because they're darkies, that they do, only allowing 'em a pound a month, and sometimes ten shillings, and they have to find they're own 'bacca out o' that. These men come from all parts o' London to smoke Yahee's opium. Some on 'em sweep crossins; some has situations in tea-shops; some hawks; some caddies; some begs; some is well off, some is ill off; but they all likes opium, and they all knows there's no opium like Yahee's. No; there ain't no difference in the quality, but you can't smoke it as you buy it, you see, and Yahee has his own way o' preparin' it, which he won't tell nobody. That tumbler with the light in the middle has the opium, and that thick stuff like treacle is it. They just take it up with a pin this way, and roll it round and round, you see, and then when it's like a little pea, so, they smoke away until it's done. Tell the gen'elman how much you smoke, Jack. They call 'im Chow Chee John Potter, sir, because he's been christened; but he's not right in his head, and his own country-people don't understand him." Chow Chee is of an affectionate disposition, and the effect of opium is to make him put both hands on my knee, and, after advancing his smiling black face to within a few inches of my nose, to wink solemnly, and to say he "smoke as much as him get, sometimes all day and all night, if Christians peoples good to Chow Chee."

On a suggestion being made that the opium smoking should be supplemented by some other stimulant, gin was chosen by such of the company as were not too stupified to speak. Yahee, I should mention, never lifted his head after he had once silently welcomed our little party. Coiled up on the bed, in trousers and shirt, and with his shoeless feet tucked under him, he looked like a singularly tough trussed fowl, and only turned to the light at his side as his pipe was refilled. Save in answer to our questions, there was little talking. Chow Chee John Potter occasionally attempted original remarks, but they were, as a rule, failures, and were so branded by his friends. It was a sheer opium debauch—not noisy, not turbulent, not quarrelsome, but fervent, all-engrossing, and keenly enjoyable to those engaged in it. As the evening wore on, several fresh arrivals came in at the narrow door; among others, two Malays, a Lascar, and the Chinaman many of us have seen performing the knife-trick for the delectation of the British public. This last worthy started back on seeing the police-sergeant, and in very vigorous English asked what that particular reptile wanted here. In vain was it attempted to soothe him with the assurance that it was all right, and that he would come to no harm. In vain did Mrs. Abdallah and some other ladies,

who had by this time joined her in the doorway, protest to the fastidious knife-thrower that we were "on the square;" it was all useless, and with a growl of baffled hate at the sergeant, and a malignant scowl at the rest of the party, he disappeared down the dark passage of the court, and was no more seen during our stay. I learnt, subsequently, that he had just come out of prison after a sojourn there of eighteen months, through the sergeant having convicted him of offences too hideous to describe. He was the only very black sheep we saw. The others are decent men in their way, whose principal weakness is devotion to opium, and who rarely give trouble to the police. Old Yahee himself has, as mother Abdallah stated, lived for more than twenty years in the same hovel, for which he pays three shillings a week rent; and has spent the whole of that time in preparing opium for such smoking-parties as we see now, and in making provision for his boarders. Yahee is a consistent misogynist, and allows no woman to interfere in his domestic arrangements. The chopsticks and the plates for breakfast and supper are washed by himself; his two rooms are cleaned and swept, and every meal is prepared in the same independent way. Such of his customers as desire other society than that of the choice spirits assembled to smoke, must seek it elsewhere than at Yahee's. He scorns to offer adventitious attractions, and is content to rest his popularity on his favourite drug.

I have now had the pleasure of visiting him four times, have invariably heard the same stories of his cleanliness and quietness, have always found him in a stupor, and his establishment steeped in opium fumes. His sunken eyes, fallen cheeks, cadaverous parchment-like skin, and deathly whiteness, make him resemble a hideous and long-forgotten mummy; while his immobility, and the serene indifference with which he smokes on, whoever may be by, suggest a piece of mechanism, or a cataleptic trance. How he manages his little household, how he guards against imposition, how his receipts and disbursements are regulated, what check he has over the consumption of opium by his customers, are mysteries. Yet Mrs. Abdallah, the sergeant, the inspector, Booboo, Lazarus, and Chow Chin, are unanimous in saying that Yahee is a good manager, a shrewd dealer, and, in his way, a reputable host. To lie on your back and smoke opium with your eyes shut until after midnight, and then to commence fantastic anecdotes and still more fantastic songs, the offspring of your morbidly excited brain, to continue these songs and stories until morning, and to then go out marketing for bits of fish and rice—this seems a trying mode of life for an octogenarian. Yet Yahee does this, and seems to thrive; that is to say, he is not less like life than when I was first shocked at seeing him nearly three years ago. All the other opium smokers here are young men; but the wrinkles of their host, his sunken eyes, and falling under-jaw, make the great age he is credited with probable enough.



Lazarus yonder is no longer the contemptible wretch he was when we threw him a penny on Cornhill two hours ago. His frame has expanded, his countenance has brightened, his mien has become bright and buoyant. Who knows the rapturous visions passing through his brain, or the blissfulness which prompts that half-expressed smile? The smallest feathered houris, the most toothsome birds'-nests and stewed dogs, nay, the yellow mandarin's button itself, are Lazarus's now. What cares he for policemen, for the cuffs and kicks, the slurs and sneers, of the barbarians from whom he has to beg? Yahce's shabby stifling little room is his glory and delight. To it he looks forward through the long and weary day; by its pleasures he is compensated for the pains and penalties of his weary life. Boohoo, too, has already forgotten the grievance he recounted half an hour ago, and with eyes raised to the ceiling, is in a rapturous half-trance. The visions this miserable little hole has seen; the sweet and solemn strains of music; the mighty feasts; the terrible dramas; the weird romances; the fierce love; the strange fantastic worship; the mad dreams; the gorgeous processions; the brilliant crowds; the mystic shadows which have occupied it—would fill a volume. Mr. Inspector Roberts, a friend to whom I have been indebted for much interesting information, tells me that before meals the strange people lodging with Yahce are seen to kneel down, and looking up to the ceiling, jabber something to themselves—a description which, I have little doubt, a Malay or Chinese policeman would have little difficulty in applying to the prayers of the English or other barbarians. But the strange interest of the little place is centred, not in the food or worship, not in the variety of skins, and their range from drab and mahogany to ebony and jet, but in the strange unholy pleasures enjoyed in it, and the glimpse it gives you of barbaric life.

Old Yahce is as exceptional an instance of opium eating and smoking being pursued with impunity, as any tremulous dotard who is seen tossing off his dram, and it would be as ridiculous to quote the one as the other, as a fair example of the influence of a degrading habit. Boohoo and the rest are full of grievances; complain they cannot get ships, or shall never see father or mother, brother or sister, again—a handsome young Malay was especially lachrymose on this last point—but the plain truth is they are all such slaves to the drug of which Yahce is high priest, that when they once fall out of the groove of labour to which they have been accustomed, recovery is impossible. Like the dreamer in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's beautiful story, the day is less to them than the night; their Heaven may be purchased by the few pence they beg of passers-by; and those who remember the agonies undergone by Coleridge and De Quincey when struggling to emancipate themselves from the service of the opium-demon, will not wonder at the utter self-abandonment of poor Lazarus and his tribe. Mother Abdallah, Lascar Sal, Cheeny Emma,

and the rest, are the only Englishwomen he has known; and his existence is divided between a misery which is very real, and a happiness which is as fictitious and evanescent as that of the moth killing itself at the candle's flame. I saw Lazarus last, cowering on the pavement near Waterloo Bridge; there is not a day in which he may not be found, dazed and dreary, ragged, wan, and wretched, in one or other of our West-end streets. He gave a ghastly smile when I reminded him of our evening at Yahce's; and lifting up his lacklustre eyes, and cringing more than ever, held out his tracts and mutely asked for alms. His manner made a fine and suggestive contrast to the contemptuous air with which I had seen him wave the same bundle of sorry literature at the opium-feast; and in this contrast I, in my dim way, fancied I discerned the moral of Lazarus's life.

### CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR.

#### A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. "What is the Thames Embankment to be called?" you ask.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, no name has, as yet, been decided on for the new river-side thoroughfare which is just now in course of construction. It is very important that a good one should be fixed upon. The Thames Embankment seems to be looked upon by every one as an opportunity afforded to the London authorities of showing their regret for past short-comings, and their desire to improve during the time to come. It is like a new chance of amending his life afforded to a profligate or an habitual idler, and it is desirable that we should avail ourselves of it to the very fullest extent. If we duly repent of Trafalgar-square, and of other metropolitan misdeeds, let us by all means show that we do so now, when we have the chance. A piece of ground containing several acres of clear space has—so to speak—turned up unexpectedly in the very centre of our metropolis; it is much to be desired that we should deal discreetly with it in every way, and, above all, that we should decide rightly what name is to be bestowed upon this important strip of reclaimed land.

What is the Thames Embankment to be called? It is a grave question. In giving names to our streets and public places, there are various principles on which it is possible for us to act. We may act on a commemorative principle, calling our street after some illustrious person, or giving it a name which shall recall some weighty episode in the national history, as a victory, or some political event of a critical sort. This is one principle on which it is good and legitimate to act, and in adhering to which we are not likely to go wrong. Again, we may bestow a name indicated by the nature of the street itself, the place to, or from, which it leads, or the nature of the ground over which the thoroughfare passes. Lastly, we may act altogether arbitrarily, or on the *lucus à non*

Incendo principle, bestowing a name indicated by no especial reason, calling a street Gloucester-row which has nothing whatever to do with Gloucester, or Guildford-place when it has no connexion of any sort or kind with the capital of Surrey.

The impropriety of acting upon this last principle, or want of principle, need not be dwelt on. In these days it is not likely that public opinion would suffer the bestowal, on this river-side road, of a name chosen arbitrarily, or because of its having a euphonious sound, or suggesting aristocratic associations. That a large class of English people would willingly assent to the selection of a name, recommended only by its power of appealing to that flunky element which exists in the breast of so many free-born Britons, cannot be doubted. A stroll in the suburbs of London, where private houses—and sometimes very small ones—are called by such names as “Balmoral House,” or “Osborne Lodge,” or “Lordship Villa,” will convince any sceptic that there are a great many people, residing in London and its neighbourhood, who would be very well pleased if a name could be bestowed on the new street, which would remind them in some way, nearly or remotely, of the Court Circular. But this class, though a large one, is not influential in matters of this kind; and we need hardly distress ourselves with apprehensions lest the Thames Embankment should have its prospects blighted by any allusion, on its corner houses, either to Royal personages themselves or to their places of abode. It will certainly not be called Balmoral-terrace, or Osborne-esplanade, much as Clapham and Hackney might like it. As to the places of abode of Royalty, then, we need be under no alarm. Are we equally secure that the authorities in giving a name to this very important roadway will abstain from consulting the Court Circular at all in its past or present developments?

It is necessary to speak plainly in this matter. We are constructing a street which will, in all human probability, be, now and for ages to come, one of the great streets of the world. We are not much given, as a nation, to foresight or precaution, but it does not require a large amount of the gift of prophecy to enable one to predict that this new thoroughfare will pay an important part in the world's history between the time of this, its first construction, and the period when, yielding to the universal law, it decays and becomes a heap of ruins. Now, the name which we bestow upon this street, once given, is given for ever, so that we ought really to be very careful in our selection; and surely, being duly impressed with the importance of what we are doing, we may at least arrive at one conclusion, that—with the example of Regent-street before our eyes—we ought to be very wary of Royal titles, and should be justified in resolving that at all events, and come what may, we will keep clear of the Court Circular, and the *Almanach de Gotha*, in naming the Thames Embankment.

To call a street or public place, in an arbitrary manner, by any name that sounds well, or is recommended only by its court circularity, is distinctly bad. What principles then remain for our street godfathers to act upon? Two principles mentioned just now. First, we may name our new street either after some great man, or in commemoration of some great historical event, or, secondly, in allusion to some local characteristic peculiar to the thoroughfare in question, and obviously distinguishing it from all others.

As to the first of these, it has been acted upon already to some small extent in this country, and in France much more. We have, among others, a Wellington-street, tolerably conspicuous, and a Milton-street, somewhat obscure; and taking more modern instances, we find a Cromwell-road, a Cromwell-place, and a Garrick-street among our newer thoroughfares. Our language, perhaps, lends itself less aptly to this arrangement than does the French. Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau sounds better than Sir Isaac Newton-street, and Quai Voltaire than Bacon's-quay; but in spite of that, it is certain that we should do right to call some of our new streets after our great men, and that our James Watts, our Brunels, our Jenners, and the rest, may fitly be commemorated by having their names inscribed on our corner houses. Whether in the case of this particular street or road, called at present the Thames Embankment, we should act wisely in proceeding on this principle, is another question.

Much, again, might be said that would be favourable to a name commemorative of some great event in our history. And here it may be premised that such event need not, by any means, be one of those victories which we are so fond—perhaps too fond—of calling to mind. This boasting and bragging about our victories is, after all, rather a barbarous business, not like the age we live in, probably still less like those ages that are to come. The Indian, with his scalp trophies suspended from his girdle, after all, acts much as we do when we call a bridge after the battle of Waterloo, or name our principal square in commemoration of Trafalgar.

The issue of a war is generally the establishment of peace; is it good to sully such peace by for ever harping on the quarrel which preceded it? How would this answer in private life? When Jack Noakes has quarrelled with his neighbour Tom Styles, about a trespass or a question of boundaries, and, having got the best of it, has made the quarrel up again, does he immediately call his house Boundary Villa, or is the name of his spare bed-chamber altered from “the Blue Room” to Styles's Trespass? There is no more reason why a nation should brag of its victories than an individual, and it is perhaps more dignified, as it is certainly more graceful, to be silent about such deeds of prowess. As to names given in commemoration of those political and other events which have tended to make us what we are—victories

over ourselves, national struggles which have been productive of great results—these may be used with great propriety, and it is somewhat remarkable that they have hitherto been so little employed. We have, indeed, a Constitution-hill, but the name is hardly ever used. It is a good one, and might very well be transferred to a neighbouring thoroughfare now in course of reconstruction, and which is at present named after the original proprietor of the ground over which the thoroughfare in question passes. A name of this sort would not be ill suited to our new river-side street, and no doubt a few events in our national history which are worthy of commemoration might still be found if we looked for them—Magna Charta, the Commonwealth, or the Reformation, to wit.

But perhaps after all, in considering this question, the most hopeful manner of proceeding would be to examine, carefully, what this new road is, what are its peculiar characteristics, local and otherwise, and to make some endeavours to find a name for it which might indicate what sort of a street it is, and which, at the same time, should have enough of dignity about it to make it worthy of association with so important a thoroughfare.

In most of those cases in which the name given to a street—at home or abroad—has been bestowed because of some peculiarity in the street itself, the result has been satisfactory. “Under the Lindens,” the translated name of a well-known German street; the *Montagne de la Cour*, at Brussels; the *Boulevard*, at Paris, with its many secondary designations, or the *Lung’ Arno* at Florence—these are all instances of streets, rejoicing in very good names, given in every case because of some distinctive characteristic belonging to the individual thoroughfare. Nay, in our own town we have similar examples, and we are none of us disposed to quarrel with such street names as Pall-Mall, the Strand, Long Acre, or Wood-street.

Designations that mean something always have a peculiar attractiveness. “Central Avenue” and “Broadway”—especially conspicuous in a country where the practice of numbering the streets obtains—are both good names for streets. So with our own Parliament-street, or Abchurch-lane, or even with our South-streets and North-streets, which at least mean something, if only that the streets in question run in certain northerly or southerly directions.

Acting upon this principle—if possible—finding for the new thoroughfare a name with a meaning in it, it becomes necessary, above all things, to examine exactly what this Thames Embankment is. It is a piece of ground artificially made, and reclaimed at the expense of much money and labour from the Thames mud. It is a piece of ground which links the eastern to the western extremity of our town; it forms the immediate bank of the river Thames, and follows its course closely. It is entirely central, running through the very heart of the metropolis, and it will in all probability, at

once, on its completion, take the first place among our business streets. Turning from what the street is to be, to what it is *not* to be, we may safely affirm that it is *not* to be a pleasure thoroughfare, or a fashionable lounge, or a mere river-side promenade. Lastly, it is not to be a *street*, at least not in the usual acceptance of the term, but rather a road or way. It remains now to consider what this road or way, when it is completed, shall be called.

First of all then, as being a piece of reclaimed ground artificially made, it would be natural to call the new thoroughfare by the name already in use, and to which we are accustomed—Thames Embankment. Or if this is too long, “the Embankment” alone might be sufficient; or we might take a name already bestowed on a row of small houses near Chelsea, and call it “Thames Bank.” Secondly, and because this piece of ground follows the exact course of the river, it would be legitimate to call it “River-way,” or “Thames-way,” this last a designation for which something has, I believe, already been said, and which is excellent. On the same principle the whole line of thoroughfare might with propriety be called “the Quays,” these again being subdivided (as in Paris) into “Westminster Quay,” “the Temple Quay,” “Blackfriars Quay,” et cetera; retaining some of the old names, and adding others. Of course, were it not that the name is already appropriated, it would be natural to call this new line of road “the Strand,” which it actually is. This, however, would necessitate the conferring of a new name on the original Strand, and might lead to some degree of confusion. Perhaps the best way, if this name came to be adopted, would be to call the Thames Embankment “the New Strand,” and to give the name of “the Old Strand” to the existing street of that name. This would be a rational and simple proceeding enough.

One other consideration might be worth a thought. The central nature of the new thoroughfare might perhaps properly influence our judgment in selecting a name for it. There are some people who, it is likely, might wish to confer on it a designation indicative of its situation in the very heart of the town, and of the enormous amount of traffic which seems likely to fall to its share. Such names as “Central-way,” or “Middle-way,” “Traffic-street,” “London-way,” or some modification of these, or approximations to them, might, by some, be thought worth considering, always bearing in mind, however, that this is a case in which it will not do to be too fanciful. Were this a less important street than it is likely to be, it would be very easy to give it a name; but when one reflects how continually that name, whatever it may ultimately be, will be in everybody’s mouth, it is impossible not to feel that the choice of a fit designation for it is almost a momentous question. It must be short, capable of being “spoken trippingly on the tongue,” must be

easy to shout out of a cab window. It should be familiar, but by no means vulgar; intelligible, and not wanting in dignity.

Whether any of these names given above, or any in turn suggested by them, meet all or any of these numerous requirements, it is not for me to say. They are but "random arrows from the brain," and may, at least, even if the bull's-eye has been missed, serve to show in what direction the target lies, for the benefit of other archers.

You see, my dear father, what a protracted disquisition I have been betrayed into by that simple question of yours, "What is the Thames Embankment to be called?" I am half afraid that some of the remarks which your inquiry has called forth will not be entirely to your liking. I am acquainted with your high Tory sentiments, and I shrewdly suspect that you have not the keen dread of the introduction of the Court Circular into a matter of this kind by which I am actuated. Believe me, sir, it wouldn't do. No individual name, however illustrious, should be attached to this, the work of a nineteenth-century public. It is a work likely to last as long as the town of which it is to be so important a feature. Let it have a name belonging to all time, which change cannot render obsolete or unfit, and which shall commend itself to posterity as at least meaning and rational. Let that common sense which, as we hope, is a distinguishing characteristic of our age, come into play here, and let this great road, which connects the two extremities of our town together, be simply called by the name which best indicates its use and nature.

P. CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

### GHOSTS IN COURT.

WHETHER or not the defective ventilation of our courts of law be inimical to the subtle fluid of which phantoms are composed, or whether these sensitive essences, oppressed with the absurdities of forensic costume and manners, take fright at the first glimmer of a counsellor's wig, or at the titter that follows a counsellor's joke, there can be no question of the extreme difficulty that has always been experienced in bringing a spectre fairly to judicial book.

So long as the proceedings retain an extra judicial character, no gentleman on the extensive roll of attorneys could devote his time and abilities more zealously to the getting up of a case than has your unfed' film. Not content with fulfilling the office of detective, the indefatigable phantom has suggested needful testimony, indicated lines of prosecution, collected witnesses, and—all being ready—marched, so to speak, up to the very door of the judgment-hall. There, however, for one of the reasons above stated, or for some other, the spectre has invariably come to a stand. An objection to be sworn, in that im-

pressive manner so familiar to the frequenters of English courts of justice, may have something to do with it. The prospect of a cross-examination by a sceptical person in horse-hair, whose incredulity goes the length of doubting one's very existence, and whose questions, in any case, must look one's substance through and through, may be sufficiently alarming. Still, it is clear that such coquetting with the forms of legal procedure is, as Dogberry observes, most tolerable, and not to be endured. We need not, therefore, be surprised that a tacit understanding has been arrived at to eliminate the accusing shade altogether. If flesh and blood, that can speak well up to a jury, and stand bullying, cannot convict a man, shall a skulking shadow have that power? No. The ghost's word—appraised by the Prince of Denmark at "a thousand pound"—is now, in the eye of the law, literally not worth one dump.

Respect, however, for the fallen. It is one of the evil results of the "Spiritualism," which has spread like a rabies through society, that, in dealing with those wizards who are medium one day and conjuror the next, according to the amount of detection brought to bear on them, or to the tone of the opinion-market, we are apt to acquire a habit of speaking with over-familiarity of things that lie beyond the hitherto-ascertained limit of natural laws. This is surely a mistake. Nothing, in this educated age, astonishes one more than the extreme narrowness of that district which separates absolute scepticism from blind belief. So close are these neighbours, that, without risk of offending one or the other, the reasonable mind has scarcely space to stir. With the former, the mere act of inquiry seems to involve a sort of abandonment of principle; with the latter, the most superficial examination suffices.

Without in the least challenging the wisdom of that arrangement which has outlawed the ghost, it is singular to trace the manner in which, within the memory of this generation, what must be called, for fault of other phrase, supernatural interference, has, to all appearance, contributed to the ends of justice.

Thus, in the case of a notorious murder near Brighton some thirty years ago, a dream, and a dream alone, led to the discovery of the crime, and of the victim's remains.

A curious instance of what, in Scotland, would have been termed second-sight, occurred, within the writer's recollection, in a midland county, and, though of course suppressed at the trial, was (an unusual circumstance) attested upon oath at the preceding inquest. A market-gardener, known, from his fine presence, as "Noble Eden," was murdered while at work in the fields at a long distance from his dwelling. His wife, ironing at a dresser by the kitchen window, saw him run swiftly past, pursued by another man, who brandished a stone hammer, as if threatening to strike. Aware that it was a spectral illusion, and impressed with an idea that some evil had befallen her husband,



Mrs. Eden caused instant search to be made at the spot to which he had intended to proceed, when the body was discovered, cold and stiff—the murderous weapon, a stone-hammer, lying beside him.

Another example of this species of warning attracted some attention in the “burking” times at Edinburgh—the voice of one of the victims, recognised under circumstances irreconcilable with any known law of nature, having led to the suspecting, and thence to the conviction, of the assassins.

A gentleman, lately living, used to relate that while resident near Fort George, N. B., the disappearance of an old woman, who, from her strict and sober habits, was employed by the whole neighbourhood as a messenger, created much excitement. Nothing could be discovered respecting her. The search, at the instance of her husband, was at length discontinued. One evening Mr. H. was sitting reading in his arbour, when the missing woman suddenly thrust her head through the leafy shield! There was a broad crimson streak round her neck, and, without her uttering a word, an impression seemed to be conveyed to Mr. H.’s mind that she had been murdered, and that her body lay concealed, under stable refuse, in a distant byre. Search was made there, the corpse was found, and the husband was subsequently executed, on his own confession of the crime.

In the French courts, questions of ghost, or no ghost—and, if the former, what might be the worth of the ghost’s testimony—seem to have been permitted a wider range. Counsel has been freely heard on either part. In a case that, many years ago, stirred up the whole philosophy of the subject, so much curious matter was elicited as to make the record worth preserving. It is an illustration of the familiar manner in which a not distant generation dealt with the subject.

Honoré Mirabel, a poor labourer on the estate of a family named Gay, near Marseilles, invoked the protection of the law under the following extraordinary circumstances:

He declared that, while lying under an almond-tree, late one night, striving to sleep, he suddenly noticed a man of remarkable appearance standing, in the full moonlight, at the window of a neighbouring house. Knowing the house to be unoccupied, he rose to question the intruder, when the latter disappeared. A ladder being at hand, Mirabel mounted to the window, and, on entering, found no one. Struck with a feeling of terror, he descended the ladder with all speed, and had barely touched the ground, when a voice at his back accosted him:

“Pertuisan” (he was of Pertuis), “there is a large treasure buried close at hand. Dig, and it is yours.”

A small stone was dropped on the terrace, as if to mark the spot alluded to.

For reasons not explained, the favoured Mirabel shrank from pursuing the adventure alone, but communicated with a friend, one

Bernard, a labourer in the employ of the farmeress Paret. This lady being admitted to their confidence, the three assembled next night at the place indicated by the spectre, and, after digging to a considerable depth, came upon a large parcel wrapped in many folds of linen. Struck with the pickaxe, it returned, unmistakably, the melodious sound of coin; but the filthy, and, as Paret suggested, plague-stricken appearance of the covering, checked their eager curiosity, until, having been conveyed home and well soaked in wine, the parcel was opened, and revealed to their delighted gaze more than a thousand large gold pieces, subsequently ascertained to be Portuguese.

It was remarkable, yet so it was, that Mirabel was allowed to retain the whole of the treasure. Perhaps his friends felt some scruple in interfering with the manifest intentions of the ghost. But Mirabel was not much the happier for it. He feared for the safety of his wealth—he feared for his own life. Moreover, the prevailing laws respecting “treasure-trove” were peculiarly explicit, and it was questionable how far the decision of the ghost might be held to override them.

In France, of treasure found in the highway, half belonged to the king, half to the finder. If in any other public place, half to the high-justiciary, half to the finder. If discovered by magical arts, the whole to the king, with a penalty upon the finder. If, when discovered, the treasure were concealed from the proprietor of the ground, the finder forfeited his share. To these existing claims the phantom had made no allusion. In his perplexity, honest Mirabel bethought him of another friend, one Auguier, a substantial tradesman of Marseilles.

The advice of this gentleman was, that the secret should be rigorously confined to those who already knew it, while he himself (Auguier) was prepared to devote himself, heart and soul, to his friend’s best interests, lend him any cash he needed (so as to obviate the necessity of changing the foreign money), attend him whithersoever he went, and, in fine, become his perpetual solace, monitor, and guard.

To prevent the possibility of his motives being misinterpreted, the worthy Auguier took occasion to exhibit to his friend a casket, in which was visible much gold and silver coin, besides a jewel or two of some value.

The friendship thus happily inaugurated grew and strengthened, until Mirabel came to the prudent resolution of entrusting the whole treasure to the custody of his friend, and appointed a place and time for that purpose.

On the way to the rendezvous, Mirabel met with an acquaintance, Gaspard Deleuil, whom—Auguier being already in sight—Mirabel requested to wait for him at the side of a thicket; then, going forward, he handed to the trusty Auguier two sealed bags, one of them secured with a red ribbon, the other with a blue, and received in return an instrument conceived in the following satisfactory terms:

"I acknowledge myself indebted to Honoré Mirabel twenty thousand livres, which I promise to pay on demand, acquitting him, moreover, of forty livres which he owes me. Done at Marseilles, this seventh of September.

(Signed) "LOUIS AUGUIER."

This little matter settled, Mirabel rejoined Deleuil, and, next day, departed for his native village. After starring it there for a few weeks, the man of wealth revisited Marseilles, and, having passed a jovial evening with his friend and banker, Auguier, was on his way home, when, at a dark part of the road, he was set upon by a powerful ruffian, who dealt him several blows with some sharp weapon, flung him to the ground, and escaped. Fortunately, the wounds proved superficial.

This incident begat a certain suspicion in the mind of Mirabel. As soon as he was able, he repaired to Marseilles, and demanded of Auguier the return of his money, or liquidation of the bond. His friend expressed his extreme surprise. What an extraordinary application was here! Money! What money? He indignantly denied the whole transaction. Mirabel must be mad.

To establish his sanity, and, at the same time, refresh the memory of his friend, Mirabel, without further ceremony, appealed to the law, and, in due course, the Lieutenant-Criminal, with his officer, made his appearance at the house of Auguier, to conduct the perquisition. Search being made on the premises, no money was found; but there were discovered two bags and a red ribbon, which were identified by Mirabel as those which he had delivered to his friend.

The account given by the latter differed, in some material particulars, from that of Mirabel. He had enjoyed, indeed, some casual acquaintance with that gentleman. They had dined together, once, at his (Auguier's) house. He had accepted the hospitality of Mons. Mirabel, as often, at a tavern. He had advanced that gentleman a crown. Mirabel had spoken of a ghost and money, and had talked of placing the latter in his charge. At present, he had, however, limited his confidence to the deposit of two empty bags and a red ribbon. All the other allegations he indignantly denied.

Deeply impressed with the marvellous history, the Lieutenant-Criminal decided that the matter should be sifted to the bottom. The process continued.

Magdalene Paret deposed that Mirabel had called on her one day, looking pale and agitated, and declared that he had been holding converse with an apparition, which had revealed to him the situation of some buried treasure. She was present when the parcel, apparently containing money, was found; and she remembered Mirabel stating, subsequently, that he had placed it for safety in the hands of Auguier.

Gaspard Deleuil repeated the narrative told by Mirabel of the ghost and the gold, adding, that he had met him, on the seventh of Septem-

ber, near the Porte des Fainéants (Idlers'-gate), carrying two bags; that he saw him hand them over to a man who appeared to be waiting for him, and saw him receive in return a piece of paper; and that, on rejoining him, Mirabel stated that he had entrusted to Auguier some newly-found treasure, taking his acknowledgment for the same.

François Fournière, the third witness, confirmed the relation of the spectre and the money by Mirabel, who appeared deeply stricken by the extraordinary favour shown him in this supernatural visitation. On his pressing for a sight of the treasure, Mirabel took the witness to his chamber, and, removing some bricks from the chimney, displayed a large bag filled with gold coin. Having afterwards heard of Auguier's alleged dishonesty, the witness reproached him with it: when he became deadly pale, and entertained that the subject might be dropped.

Other witnesses deposed to the sudden intimacy, more noticeable on account of their difference of station, that had sprung up between Mirabel and Auguier, dating from the period of the discovery of the gold. Sundry experts bore testimony to the resemblance of the writing of the receipt, signed "Louis Auguier," to the autograph of the latter.

The ghost and Mirabel carried the day. In fact, it was a mere walk over the course. The Lieutenant-Criminal, entirely with them, decreed that Auguier should be arrested, and submitted to the "question."

Appeal, however, was made to the parliament of Aix, and the matter began to excite considerable notice. Persons were found to censure the ready credence given by the Lieutenant-Criminal to the story of the ghost, and, the case coming to hearing, an able advocate of the day buckled on his armour to do battle with the shade.

Is it credible (he asked) that a spirit should quit the repose of another world expressly to inform Mons. de Mirabel, a gentleman with whose existence it seems to have had no previous acquaintance, of the hiding-place of this treasure? How officious must be the nature of that ghost which should select, in a caprice, a man it did not personally know, to enrich him with a treasure, for the due enjoyment of which his social position made him so unfit? How slight must be the prescience of a spirit that could not foresee that Mirabel would be deprived of his treasure by the first knave he had the misfortune to trust! There could be no such spirit, he assured.

If there were no spectre, there was, according to all human probability, no gold; and, if no gold, no ground for the accusation of Auguier.

Descending to earthly reasoning, was it likely that Mirabel should entrust to Auguier a treasure of whose actual value he knew nothing, or that he should take in return a receipt he had not seen the giver write? How was it, pray, that the woman Paret and Gaspard Deleuil demanded no share in the treasure so

discovered? Were these excellent persons superior to the common weaknesses of humanity—curiosity, and the lust of gain? The witness Paret certainly saw the discovery of a parcel; but the rest of her evidence was hearsay. The witness Deleuil saw the exchange of bags and paper; but all the rest—spectre included—was hearsay. And when the witness Fournière declared that Auguier, being taxed with robbery, turned deadly pale, Auguier frankly—nay, proudly—confessed it, stricken as that honourable burgher was with horror at a charge so foul and unexpected! The climax of injustice was surely reached when this respected, estimable, substantial merchant of France's proudest seaport, was, on the uncorroborated word of a ghost (for to this it must be traced), submitted to the torture. In criminal, even more than in civil, cases, that which seems repugnant to probability is reputed false. Let a hundred witnesses testify to that which is contrary to nature and the light of reason, their evidence is worthless and vain. Take, as example, the famous tradition which gives an additional interest to the noble house of Lusignan, and say that certain persons swore that the fairy Melusina, who had the tail of a serpent, and bathed every Saturday in a marble cellar, had revealed a treasure to some weak idiot, who was immediately robbed of it by another. What would be thought of a judge who should, on such testimony, condemn the accused? Is it on such a fairy fable that Auguier, the just, the respected family-father, the loyal patriot, must be adjudged guilty? Never! Such justice might be found at Cathay, might prevail among the yet undiscovered islands of the Eastern Archipelago, but in France—no. There remained, in short, but one manifest duty to the court, namely, to acquit, with all honour, this much-abused man, and to render him such noble compensation as the injuries he had suffered deserved.

It was now, however, the phantom's innings. Turning on the court the night side of nature, the spectre's advocate pointed out that the gist of Auguier's defence consisted of a narrow and senseless satire upon supernatural visitations, involving a most unauthorised assumption that such things did never occur. Was it intended to contradict Holy Writ? To deny a truth attested by Scripture, by the Fathers of the Church, by very wide experience and testimony, finally, by the Faculty of Theology of Paris? The speaker here adduced the appearance of the prophet Samuel at Endor (of which Le Brun remarked that it was, past question, a work commenced by the power of evil, but taken from his hand and completed by a stronger than he); that of the bodies of buried saints after our Lord's resurrection; and that of Saint Felix, who, according to Saint Augustine, appeared to the besieged inhabitants of Nola. But, say that any doubts could rationally exist, were they not completely set at rest by a recent decision of the Faculty of Theology? "Desiring," says this enlightened decree, "to satisfy pious scruples, we have, after a very careful

consideration of the subject, resolved that the spirits of the departed may and do, by supernatural power and divine license, reappear unto the living." And this opinion was in conformity with that pronounced at Sorbonne two centuries before.

However, it was not dogmatically affirmed that the spirit which had evinced this interest in Mirabel was the ghost of any departed person. It might have been a spirit, whether good or evil, of another kind. That such a spirit can assume the human form few will deny, when they recollect that the apostles held that belief, mistaking their Lord, walking on the waves of Galilee, for such an one. The weight of probability, nevertheless, inclines to the side of this singular apparition being, as was first suggested, the spirit of one deceased—perhaps, a remote ancestor of Mirabel—perhaps, one who, in this life, sympathised with honest endeavour, and sought to endow the struggling toiling peasant with the means of rest and ease. And, with regard to this reappearance, a striking modern instance seemed pertinent to the question at issue. The Marquis de Rambouillet and the Sieur de Prècy, aged respectively twenty-five and thirty, were intimate friends. Speaking one day of the prospect of a future state of being, their conversation ended with a mutual compact that the first who died should reveal himself to the survivor. Three months afterwards the marquis went to the war in Flanders, while De Prècy, sick with fever, remained in Paris. One night, the latter, while in bed, heard the curtains move, and, turning, recognised his friend, in buff-coat and riding-boots, standing by the bed. Starting up, he attempted to embrace the visitor, but the latter, evading him, drew apart, and, in a solemn tone, informed him that such greetings were no longer fitting, that he had been slain the previous night in a skirmish, that he had come to redeem his promise, and to announce to his friend that all that had been spoken of a world to come was most certainly true, and that it behoved him (De Prècy) to amend his life without delay, as he would himself be slain within a very brief period. Finding his hearer still incredulous, the marquis exhibited a deadly wound below the breast, and immediately disappeared. The arrival of a post from Flanders confirmed the vision. The marquis had been slain in the manner mentioned. De Prècy himself fell in the civil war, then impending.

(The speaker here cited a number of kindred examples belonging to the period, such as, in later days, have found parallels in the well-known stories of Lord Tyrone and Lady Betty Cobb, Lord Lyttelton and M. P. Andrews, Prince Dolgorouki and Apraxin, the ex-queen of Etruria and Chipanti, with a long list of similar cases, and then addressed himself to the terrestrial facts.)

It was proved by Magdalene Paret that the treasure was actually found. By the witness, Deleuil, it was traced into the possession of Auguier. By other witnesses, it was shown

that Auguier had made use of many artifices to obtain the custody of the gold, cultivating a romantic attachment for this humble labourer, and seeking to inspire him with fears for his personal safety, so long as he retained possession of so large a sum. Upon the whole, unless it had been practicable to secure the attendance and oral testimony of the very phantom itself, the claim of Mirabel could hardly address itself more forcibly to the favourable judgment of the court.

It may be that this little deficiency in the chain of evidence weighed more than was expected with the parliament of Aix. At all events, they demanded further proof; and the peasant, Bernard, was brought forward, and underwent a very rigid examination.

He stated that, on a certain day in May, Mirabel informed him that a ghost had revealed to him the existence of some secreted treasure. That, on the following morning, they proceeded together to the spot indicated by the apparition, but found no money. That he laughed at Mirabel, snapped his fingers at the story, and went away. That he nevertheless agreed to a further search—the witness, Magdalene Paret, being present—but again found nothing. That, subsequently, Mirabel declared he had discovered eighteen pieces of gold, then twelve, finally, thirty-five, but displayed none of them. That Mirabel had, however, sent by him twenty sols to a priest, to say masses for the soul of the departed, to whom he owed so much; and that he had spoken of handing over the treasure to Auguier, and taking the latter's receipt, which certainly seemed to be the same now produced, signed "Louis Auguier."

The matter was obscure and puzzling. There was, by this time, no question that this large sum of money had, somehow, come into the possession of Mirabel. He could not, by skill or labour, have realised the hundredth part of it. No one had been robbed, for the notoriety of the case would at once have produced the loser. If Mirabel had found it (and there were the witnesses who proved the discovery many feet below the surface, in an undisturbed corner of the terrace), who revealed the precious deposit to this poor simple clown? The scale was inclining, slowly and steadily, to the spectral side, when some new and startling evidence appeared.

Auguier proved that *subsequently* to the alleged delivery of the treasure into his hands, Mirabel had declared that it was still concealed in the ground, and had invited his two brothers-in-law from Pertuis to see it. Placing them at a little distance from the haunted spot, he made pretence of digging, but, suddenly raising a white shirt, which he had attached to sticks placed crosswise, he rushed towards them, crying out, "The ghost! the ghost!" One of these un-

lucky persons died from the impressions engendered by this piece of pleasantry. The survivor delivered this testimony.

The case now began to look less favourable for the spectre. It was hardly probable that Mirabel should take so unwarrantable a liberty with an apparition in which he believed, as to represent him, and that for no explainable purpose, by an old white shirt! Was it barely possible that Mirabel was, after all, a humbug, and that the whole story was a pure fabrication, for the purpose of obtaining damages from the well-to-do Auguier?

It does not appear to what astute judicial intellect this not wholly impossible idea presented itself. At all events, a new process was decreed, the great object of which was to discover, in the first instance, how and whence came the money into Mirabel's possession?

Under the pressure of this inquiry, the witness Paret was, at length, brought to confess: first, that she had never actually beheld one coin belonging to the supposed treasure; secondly, that she did not credit one word of Mirabel's story; thirdly, that, if she had already deposed otherwise, it was at the earnest entreaty of Mirabel himself.

Two experts were then examined as to the alleged receipt. These differed in opinion as to its being in the handwriting of Auguier; but a third being added to the consultation, all three finally agreed that it was a well-executed forgery.

This, after twenty months, three processes, and the examination of fifty-two witnesses, was fatal to the ghost. He was put out of court.

The final decree acquitted Auguier, and condemned Mirabel to the galleys for life, he having been previously submitted to the question. Under the torture, Mirabel confessed that one Etienne Barthélemy, a declared enemy of Auguier's, had devised the spectral fable, as a ground for the intended accusation, and, to substantiate the latter, had lent him (for exhibition) the sum of twenty thousand livres. By an after process, Barthélemy was sentenced to the galleys for life, and the witnesses Deleuil and Fournière to be hung up by the armpits, in some public place, as false witnesses.

So far as records go, this singular case was the last in which, in French law-courts, the question of ghost, or no ghost, was made the subject of legal argument and sworn testimony.

#### MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read at Clifton on Wednesday and Friday the 9th and 11th; at Birmingham on Thursday the 10th; at St. James's Hall on Monday the 14th; at Aberdeen on Wednesday 16th; at Glasgow on Friday 18th; at Edinburgh on Saturday morning the 19th; and at St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 22nd of May.

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